

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK, MAY 20, 1865.

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THE sketch below was furnished by one of the two officers employed in the duty of sinking the body of Booth in the middle of the Potomac. Although not authorised to divulge his name, I am able to vouch for the truth of the representation.

New York, May 10th, 1865.

F. LESLIE.



THE ABRAMIN'S END—FINAL DISPOSITION OF THE BODY OF JOHN WILKES BOOTH.—AN AUTHENTIC SKETCH.

PROSPECTUS OF THE



A NEW FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

Under this title there will be issued from this office a Weekly Family Newspaper, the first number of which will be published on Tuesday, the 16th of May. THE CHIMNEY CORNER will have always a continuous tale of a superior and unexceptionable order. It opens with a story from one of the most popular authors of the day, which deepens in interest with every succeeding chapter, and which is sure to enchain the attention of the reader. Each number will also have a variety of shorter stories from our best American writers, Sketches of Travel and of Society, Anecdotes of Natural History, Biography, Poetry, Agricultural and Horticultural Suggestions and Illustrations, Recipes, Family Medical Prescriptions, Notes and Queries, Parlor Pastimes, Merry Thoughts, Comic Pictures, Portraits and Illustrations, in the best style of American art, of all the departments to which the paper is dedicated.

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Interesting stories, lively sketches, and poems of a high order of merit, if not too long, will be received with favor.

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Correspondents are requested to write their names and addresses, legibly and in full, on each manuscript that they send to this office.

The cemetery at Richmond is said to contain 60,000 new graves.

Barum's American Museum.

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Admission 30 cents; Children under ten, 15 cents.

We have great pleasure in directing the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Messrs. A. H. Rowen & Co., 36 Beekman street, New York. We have not heretofore had a very favorable opinion of these gift enterprises, and have generally refused to insert their advertisements in our columns; but this is one that we think commends itself to the patronage of the public. Our own dealings with Messrs. Rowen & Co. justify us in expressing the opinion that they are honest and fair-dealing men. Every person who invests a dollar in this enterprise will get the worth of his money, while they stand a good chance to get a gold or silver watch of great value.—Mt. Vernon (Ohio) Banner.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, MAY 20, 1865.

All Communications, Books for Review, etc., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 537 Pearl street, New York.

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Reward for the Assassins and their Accomplices.

THE country has been somewhat startled by a Proclamation from the President, which we publish in another column, offering a reward of \$100,000 for the apprehension of Jefferson Davis, "late of Richmond, Virginia," and smaller rewards for the arrest of Ex-Secretary of the Interior, Jacob Thompson, Ex-Senator Clay, of Alabama, and some others. It is stated in the Proclamation that there is evidence in the possession of the Government that these persons are not alone malignant traitors (for that is notorious), but suborners to assassination, and were more or less accessories to the murder of President Lincoln. That the plot to assassinate the President was one deeply laid and long cherished, is sufficiently established in advance of the trial of the criminals already arrested in Washington. That it was concocted in Canada, and was part of the same grand diabolical scheme of which the burning of New York was to be an incident, admits of little doubt. It was not, as we all charitably supposed at the first, the act of one or two fools and fanatics, for which no class of men, or any cause however hostile to our own, could justly be held responsible, but a deliberate, concerted murder, known to a large number of domestic traitors, and known to and approved by the leaders of the rebellion, and by the head of the so-called Confederacy. Two of the miscreants, refugees in Canada, Mr. Beverley Tucker, late defaulting Consul of the United States in Liverpool, and Mr. George Sanders, late defaulting Navy Agent of New York, one of the plotters with Orsini for the assassination of the French Emperor, and both Buchanan office-holders and adherents; these two villains, who it is notorious were concerned in the St. Albans' raid, and mixed up with Kennedy in his operations near Buffalo and in New York, have had the audacity to come before the public and deny, with affected horror, their complicity in the murder committed by their less cowardly accomplice Booth! However the public may hesitate to believe Davis a consenting or approving party to the act, it has no doubts as to the guilt of Thompson, Clay, Sanders and Tucker. There might be some doubts as to Sanders' privacy, on account of his notorious, blustering, boasting character, which renders him an unsafe depository of secrets, great or small, and a man not likely to be trusted. But we know that he was a party to the assassination through these very characteristics. When the malignant English scribbler Sala, was over here, Sanders acquainted him with the schemes of ruffianism which the rebel refugees in Canada were concocting, and which Sala speaks of as "atrocities that would make the world shudder." Did Sala know of the plot against the life of the President? It would seem so; but his English sympathy with the rebellion was so strong as to make him the willing and guilty

depository of the secret. If not, let him tell us what were the meditated atrocities that were to make the world shudder? And let him tell us at the same time how it was, and under what code of morals he felt himself justified in withholding the word of warning from the intended victims of these atrocities.

It is to be presumed that with evidence of the complicity of the rebel refugees in Canada and Europe before it, requisitions will be made by the Government on the authorities of the countries wherein these have sought immunity from the penalties of treason, for their rendition to justice. We know of but one possible act of hostility towards us, of which Canada and Great Britain have not been guilty, or which could go to heap up the measure of their hate and animosity, and that would be the harboring and protecting of the assassins of the American President. We are not prepared to believe that they will be guilty of this last and crowning act of injustice and injury. And yet after what has passed as regards the Alabama and the St. Albans' thieves and murderers, what reason have we for believing this infamy impossible?

Yes, we have one reason, and it is precisely this, that the rebellion is dead, and the power of the Union not only vindicated but irremovable. With Lee at the head of a powerful army in Richmond, the case would be different; but with Grant's and Sherman's armies victorious, and still intact, and the navy still on war footing, we may reasonably hope for a compliance with international obligations on the part of our neighbors.

The Fall of Richmond in Europe.

NATIONS, equally with individuals, cannot be insensible to the opinion of others; but so far as we are concerned the day is past for us to care much for the criticisms of Europe. We know that as a rule we are cordially hated, by some because of our growing power, by others because of our enterprise in commerce and industry, and by most because we are the exponents, exemplars, and unconquerable supporters of Republican institutions. The experiences of the four long dark years through which we have passed, have shown us that we have not a single positive friend beyond the Atlantic. Russia and Italy, and some of the Scandinavian States have been negatively friendly; that is to say, they have afforded no open and active aid to the rebellion, as England, France, Spain and paltry Portugal have done. We have worked out our own salvation with nothing of aid and but little of sympathy from abroad, and we are not sorry that such is the fact. We have no obligations to pay off, no alliances, direct or implied, to embarrass us. European publicists may say what they please of us one way or another. Our ire will not be greatly aroused by their misapprehensions and denunciations, nor will our good opinion of ourselves be greatly enhanced by their commendations. The fact is, as a nation, we have learned precisely what we are, have a thorough consciousness of our strength and weakness, and read what is said of us outside rather from impulse of curiosity than feelings of real interest. Of this curiosity our readers may possess a share, and for this reason we clip out a few brief passages from the foreign papers that have reached us by the last mail, merely observing that only the news of the fall of Richmond had reached Europe when they were written.

The London Spectator, which has always been our friend, says:

"And now the game is won, and in its first hour of triumph, with the smoke still hovering over the field and the lie of its defeat yet made up, the nation is singing psalms to God, promising peace to all mankind, proclaiming freedom to all slaves, and crying to its rulers to issue complete and unqualified amnesties. The emotion may not last, though we think it will, but the future of a people whose uncalculating feelings in the hour of defeat is to boast of their invincibility, and in the hour of triumph to ask pardon for their foes, must be a grand one. Since the men of the barricades shot their comrades for plundering, democracy has given no signs so full of promise as the conduct of the American people after the fall of Richmond."

The Saturday Review, one of our most malignant traducers, reluctantly admits that the slaveholder's proposed confederacy has "gone up," and is anxious about the "effects of universal emancipation," and how the result will affect the "prospects of cotton cultivation." It is perhaps most concerned about what is to be done with the disbanded soldiery, but takes comfort in the reflection that high wages and plenty to do will prevent them from trying their powers on outsiders. Still the prospect is not as clear as it would like:

"The great material strength and the intoxicating military success of a community which seems, through its press and by its elections, to disclaim all moral responsibility, are not encouraging objects of contemplation. Mr. Seward has characteristically improved the occasion by announcing that, on certain unexpressed conditions, his Government will not perpetrate the profligate outrage of invading Canada. It would, indeed, have been surprising if the occupation of Richmond had not been followed by fresh insults to England."

The London Review "throws up the sponge" for Davis, but with very bad grace:

"We may as well at once make our minds to the speedy restoration of Federal rule over the whole of the former United States. We once had an opportunity of creating a balance of power on the American continent;

we might have gained for England a grateful, faithful and powerful ally in the Southern Confederacy. We might even have done so without any risk; because, if we had acted in combination with France when she requested our co-operation, the North must have acquiesced in any terms of peace which the western nations had chosen to impose. Considerations of humanity and of interest alike impelled us to intervene. For we might have stayed a devastating war and have secured, once for all, the safety of our Canadian possessions. Unfortunately, these are not the days of far-seeing statesmanship. One poor consolation will remain to us: we have constantly pointed out that the conquest of the South was fraught with danger to this country. And whatever may happen in that day of Northern insolence and power, which is fast approaching, we, at least, shall be able to reflect with satisfaction that it is no fault of ours if those who have long had the will should be found in possession of the power to insult and injure England."

The London Index sees in the evacuation of Richmond the highest kind of strategy and ground for renewed encouragement and hope for the rebels. Of course this was written before the "masterly strategy of Lee" was squelched by his surrender. We shall look with some curiosity for the next number of the Index. It says now:

"So far, then, from the evacuation of Richmond striding the hopes of the Southern people, it will re-ignite confidence and arouse afresh the activity of the widely scattered populations which complained, not altogether without the semblance of cause, of being sacrificed to a military policy of honor. Lee has a military chest of about \$3,000,000 in gold, and with this he can assuredly do in a loyal country what even an enemy boasts of having done, and, at all events, the subsistence of his army must be less difficult than in a beleaguered city. Nor need we have any uneasiness about his arsenals and stores. The Confederate armies are at present better equipped than during the first three years of the war, and with the exception of the heavy artillery, which is now no longer needed, have always looked to the enemy's well-provided trains as their chief source of supplies."

The Newcastle Chronicle, albeit a provincial newspaper, nevertheless represents the feelings of a large part of the yeomanry of England. It exults in the fall of Richmond, for reasons good and well expressed:

"Richmond has fallen! The main army of the slaveholders is flying before the victorious legions of the republic. Davis and the desperate band of reckless, resolute and unscrupulous rebels are fugitives. Their daring effort to destroy the government founded by Washington, Jefferson and Franklin, and their noble coadjutors, has signally failed; and every sincere and intelligent sympathizer with freedom the world over will rejoice at their defeat. Never since the news of the destruction of the Bastille reached this country has more glorious tidings been published than that of the fall of the slaveholders' capital. The storming of the hated French prison marked an epoch in the history of the grand struggle for political freedom initiated in Paris, and the fall of the chief city of the American slave-staters will mark an era in that great social conflict upon which the civilized world has centered."

Le Temps of Paris, like the Spectator of London, has always been our friend:

"The decisive news from the United States will mark one of the most important dates in the 19th century and in all history. It is impossible to exaggerate its importance. It is not only the probable speedy end of a war, the duration and ravages of which afflict humanity, and the remote effects of which have been so painfully felt by Europe; it is not only the happy, although dearly-bought extinction of slavery; it is a victory of incalculable import for the liberal interests of the whole world. The United States will come through this crisis, not weakened and diminished, but tempered and greater, with a debt such as they never thought of, but which they will support legally, and with a new consciousness of their greatness and solidity. They have expended forces, and even been wasteful of resources in such a way as history has never seen; they have carried on peaceful works in the midst of a frightful war; their institutions, said to be so brittle, have not suffered, and they in the end found great and victorious Generals who have saved the country without interfering with political liberties. Slavery is dead, the republic is standing, and civil war, instead of having ruined liberty, has served and strengthened it. Such results are new in history, and great and happy is the nation which has been able to introduce them into it."

The London Herald would like to have the rebels protract hostilities through a guerrilla war:

"If affairs came to such a pass as that a regular war should be no longer possible, then an irregular and fatal system of resistance, that which is stigmatized as a guerrilla or partisan warfare, the last resource of a patriotic people in extremity, and one which has been known in history to tire out the oppressor, and to forge hope with the engine of despair, evolve out of order out of anarchy, after a long season of darkness, is still left to the Southern populations, if they are determined to be free. It is for them to resolve whether or not they will persevere in a course which will entail so many sacrifices and so much suffering. We do not question their right to adopt any method of resistance in which they may be driven by the implacable obstinacy of their opponents."

The London Army and Navy Gazette doesn't wait for the next news, but pronounces the "Confederacy" dissolved in thin air:

"These great events have swallowed up or overshadowed all others. There is no news from Sherman, only a rumor that he was on the move. There is no news of the progress of the column moving from East Tennessee. There is news from Alabama that a Federal force was a couple of marches in advance of Eastport; and there is news that Canby and the fleet were on prizes with Mobile. But the great fact is the defeat of Lee's army; and it is justly considered that this defeat is decisive of the issue of the war. What that issue would be we have never doubted, and our readers know that we have never misled them! With only one army in the field, and that a weak one, it is impossible that organized resistance can be prolonged. When Lee is gone, Grant and Sherman and Hancock and Thomas will be able to march where they please. The dream of a slave power has vanished into thin air!"

The London News, always our friend, sees in the result new hopes for mankind:

"The Republic is now brought to a new birth. Hitherto it has been laden with a curse; that curse, instead of being thrown off by the fathers of this generation, or by their sons, was tolerated; and naturally it generated more sin, both in those who cherished it and in those who had not courage to deal with it. They have suffered at last in proportion to their paterfamilias and their weakness. Compelled at length to choose or to reject slavery forever, the mass of the nation has adopted the right course, and secured a new and better life for the republic. In doing this the nation has determined its place in the world and in history; and if it now follows its true instincts it will afford a new and noble spectacle to mankind."

Finally, our ancient enemy, the Times:

"Not a year has elapsed since it was possible for a few advocates of peace and compromise to speak and write in favor of both. Now, however, there is no vis-

ble cause of doubt or misgiving! Charleston and Richmond are again Federal cities! President Lincoln is lodged in the house of President Davis, and the army of Lee has retired to the interior. The catastrophe seems complete, and in all its accessories calculated to impress the people with a feeling that the work is accomplished, and that the civil war is really at an end!

The London *Saturday Review* closes an article on the United States, written before the fall of Richmond was known, as follows:

"The warlike vigor of democratic institutions has been abundantly illustrated. Experience must show whether the great military power which has been created will be hereafter used for the purposes of aggression. The cheapness of land, and the high rate of wages, will diminish the dangers which are to be apprehended on the disbandment of the contending armies. According to Mr. Darwell, a territorial democracy is disposed to be peaceable. It is more certain that profitable employment at home disciplines men to enlist in the army."

We mentioned a week or two since that a vegetable flannel was made in Germany from the *pinus silvestris*, or Scotch fir. We now learn that there have been since about 1860, two establishments near Breslau, in one of which pine leaves are converted into wool, while in the other, for invalids, the waters used in the manufacture of pine wool are employed as curative agents. The process for converting the pine needles into wool was discovered by Mr. Fannewitz. In the hospitals, penitentiaries and barracks of Vienna and Breslau, blankets made from that material are now exclusively used. One of their chief advantages is that no kind of vermin will lodge in them. The material is also used as stuffing, closely resembles horse hair, and is only one-third its cost. When spun and woven, the thread resembles that of hemp, and is made into jackets, spencers, drawers and stockings, flannel and twill for shirts, coverlets, body and chest warmers and knitting yarn. They keep the body warm without heating, and are very durable. The factories are lighted with gas made from the refuse of the above manufactures.

MR. CHARLES LANMAN writes, that while preparing his "Dictionary of Congress" for publication in 1853, he forwarded to Mr. Lincoln the usual request for a sketch of his life, and received the following reply:

"Born Feb. 12, 1809, in Hardin county, Kentucky.
"Education defective.
"Profession, a lawyer.
"Have been a captain of volunteers in the Black Hawk War.
"Postmaster at a very small office.
"Four times a member of the Illinois Legislature.
"And was a member of the lower house of Congress.
"Yours, etc., A. LINCOLN."

The grave has closed over the murdered President and his assassin. One rests in honored and sacred ground, within sight of the humble home whence he came to take the helm of state; and the other festers in some obscure ditch, beside the carcass of the last rabid dog that was stoned to death in the byways. Mankind has anticipated the great verdicts of history. The march of the corpse of Abraham Lincoln from the capitol of the nation to the little cemetery of Oak Hill was a triumph grander than was ever given to soldier or Statesman. As it passed through the great metropolis, heavy with funeral drapery, the marts of traffic were closed, and the pulses of the people were still, in unaffected homage to the dead; and as the train that carried it sped through field and hamlet, the simple ploughboy and country maiden knelt reverently with uncovered heads beside the track, paying thus their simple tribute to the memory of the President, who will share with Washington the title of Great and Good.

The grandeur of the national tribute to the memory of the dead is only paralleled by the magnificent spectacle of the Government passing quietly, unostentatiously, without a shock or jar, through a crisis which, anywhere else in the world, would have carried doubt into finance, commotion into politics, and disorder into the army. In a simple chamber, in an ordinary hotel, the Chief Justice of the nation, the body of the murdered President lying near, presents a well-worn Bible to the man chosen as the Vice-President of the nation; the oath of office is pronounced with no pageantry, no melo-dramatic intonation, no parade of priests, no display of soldiery, no voice of cannon, and the President of the nation walks quietly out from his hostelry and takes up the mantle of power cast on him without warning and without aspiration, and the nation moves on with its wonted and steady motion. Where on earth have political institutions stood such a test as ours? Where has power passed, in times of turmoil and commotion, with great generals in the field and great admirals on the ocean; when every temptation of ambition might be supposed to be active, and when men might aspire to be Lucifers—when before has power so quietly, and with such simple dignity, passed into its constitutional hands, and absolutely without disturbance in any department of the Government, or in any branch of industry or trade? A slight and momentary vibration in the gold-room, made by foreigners only, was the exception to the general confidence and hope. Now the securities of the nation are absorbed at the rate of seven millions of dollars daily, and the faith of the nation in the strength and wisdom of its Government was never so profound. We have been weighed in the balance, and, thank God for the fact, and for the consciousness of the fact, we have not been found wanting.

TOWN COSSIP.

The shadows lay along Broadway; 'twas at the twilight-tide, and slowly there a lady fair was walking in her trowers. We happened to be passing. She wore—besides the expression of a martyr—the apparel of the Sultan's most venerable and cross-stitch wife, being a pair of Turkish trowers, brown, full and flowing. The little boys of New York considered her their choicest benefactor, and trooped in multitudes behind her. Well-dressed gentlemen paused and stared. Ladies widened their lovely eyelids. It was an ovation. The martyr was settled, and in the haste of the moment a

word or two of disgust escaped her. She said, "Oh, my patience." The accusing peri, who flew up to Mahomet's chancery with the expression, grinned as she gave it in; and the recording clerk dropped the veil of the nearest hour upon the words, and they were temporarily forgotten.

Now, why shouldn't a lady dress like the Sultana if she chooses? It is simply a matter of taste. Mrs. Ellen Beard Harman, M.D., finds the weight of publicity, of a sweeping train of little boys, of innovation, and of the trowers, lighter to her loins than the ordinary duplex-elliptic steel skirt. The policeman who arrested her was a fool. This doctress—whom we should be happy to see if we were not perfectly well—begins as plain Ellen; she continues with a Beard, and she ends with a—man. But all that does not make her trowers "male attire." The policeman was a dolt, and she says so, so apically that we cannot help reproducing the most of her capital letter:

"The policeman who arrested me the other day has been reprimanded and discharged by President Acton. 'A man that does not know any better than that,' said he, 'has no business on the police.' 'I had never seen the dress before,' plead Patrick. 'Where have you been? It has been worn these ten years. And every woman wears an overcoat.' 'She had pants on.' 'What if she had? Haven't you got them on, and haven't she as good a right to wear pants as you have? This is a pretty piece of business to arrest a woman for her dressing.' 'This isn't male attire.' A crowd was following her. 'Why didn't you stop them then, club them if necessary, and take them to the station-house and shut them up, instead of marching her off?' She was not doing anything. Go and write your resignation. It will be accepted! Thus the matter is settled; the rights of dress are maintained; and the New York public, I trust, will act in the spirit of this decision. If one woman may with impunity wear the fashionable burden of dress (and its machinery), at such a cost to herself of health and comfort, and trail it to the inconvenience of others, surely another should be allowed with equal respect and freedom to wear the Reform Dress. There is no principle in this matter, good people. 'A word to the wise,' &c."

ELLEN BEARD HARMAN, M.D.

We have been having a good time with Mr. Charles Kean and Mrs. Charles Kean, late Ellen Free. The lady is a capital specimen of the lively Englishwoman. Her incurable vivacity is refreshing and instructive. Having some hours since abandoned all pretensions to youthful looks, this estimable lady frisks along the foot-lights, bearing her avoirdupois nimbly, and determined to show how well she can get along without them. She has a good arm, and we should suppose her to possess great physical strength. She talks about the stage with the honest directness and angularity of a billiard ball. Her face is of a liberal circumference, and of a character we find it impossible to describe. We only know that when it was weeping we waited yearningly for it to laugh, and when it laughed we longed to fling it an onion and make it weep again. But the soubrette parts she adopts are played with capital intelligence and nerve, and she fills the stage (in as many senses as you can possibly imagine), whenever she appears upon it. Middle-aged cannot either banish her custom, or make her infinite variety. We thought her Queen Gertrude the most diverting of her performances.

Charles Kean requires a rather more serious notice. It is impossible to forget his famous father, who tyrannized over the stage 60 years ago with an imperative authority; especially can you not forget the father when the son, in some of his parts, as the Louis XI., represents the historic lineaments of the portraits almost line for line. The restless elder Kean seems to have flung impatiently out of the grave beneath the traps, shouldered away the actor and the modern system of acting, and come to show us how drama should be read and how a passion may be painted without losing dignity.

Mr. Kean's elocution has the repose of almost perfect art. It seems no effort to sharpen the words so well that they cut, even when whispered, into the most distant ears. But the voice that used to roll them is gone; no art can compensate for the loss of a chest-note to infuse the vowels; and no studied mien and expression can make verses perfectly dignified that come out thus: "To sleep? Perchance to dream. Aye, there's the rub; For in that sleep of death what dreams may come—"

His representation of Louis XI., however, deserves all praise. It seemed to intelligent, keen—(never pun)—most carefully studied, and powerful. The capable old tyrant, so false, and therefore so suspicious, so criminal, and therefore so superstitious, was terribly real. We observed modern actors and actresses going to school as it were, to this wonderful personation. And well they might. In respect to the by-play alone there is hardly an artist of the present day who can come near it. The ideas always shone in the face before it was spoken, and the fingers often spoke more eloquently than the lips. On Tuesday night Mr. and Mrs. Kean yielded again to Mr. Owens, who had kindly retired for the 11 nights of their engagement.

The National Academy exhibition, with every incentive to a complete success, has dragged a little, and people are beginning to ask if the pictures really do contain a competent exposition of American art. There are a number of good landscapes; there are a number of well-executed effigies of the beautiful ladies and intellectual men of whom the republic has such good reason to be proud. The eye that wanders around the delightful galleries reposes first upon a landscape, and then upon a lady; then a landscape and then a gentleman; and then a landscape with a number of gentlemen in the foreground. Who is painting the historical pictures of this nation? The human form seems to be hardly studied at all in this city, except as a model for portraiture, in which sense the photographer serves it with more fidelity than the artist.

In genre or ideal works, few of our artists appear to rise above a single figure, giving the affair more the look of a study than a picture. Among these studies, if we must call them so, we have dwelt with particular interest upon the productions of Mr. Vedder. This youthful poet, abandoning the fantastic conceptions which he has previously exhibited, has in this collection displayed a few sketches and studies from real life, which place him in an advanced rank among the pupils of the beautiful art. His head of the slave Jane Jackson (No. 589), is really excellent, while in his more ambitious works a poetic feeling of a rare and cultivable quality is encouragingly manifest. A sort of classical or ideal grace is thrown about the humblest subject, as "The Girl Feeding Chickens" (No. 76); while in his most ambitious performance, "The Lost Mind" (No. 601), although an artist over our shoulder says that it is *stagnant*, we are sure we detect a very rare feeling for grace and repose. Mr. Vedder appears to be in some danger of being too much impressed by modern French realistic painters; but they can do him no harm if he will observe the direction in which they all point him—to nature.

The best studies from the camp by far are two by Homer. His "Quoit Players" (460), though rough and sketchy, is bursting with life and energy; the man throwing the missile is magnificent, and one or two of the distant figures—the one relieved against a tent for instance—have a felicity of that best sort which seems to be accident, and is in reality a noble art. His group of contrabands basking on the bright side of a tent (190), is as perfect a piece of restrained and delicious comedy as ever was painted; perhaps a group of half-a-dozen negroes was never before assembled in a picture so various in individuality, and perfect in character; it was a good work enough to get up a mass of attitudes, each variously and perfectly expressive of *deux far niente* from the slaphop boot to the tip of the hat rim; but the richness of the thing is immeasurably increased by that endlessly long, dreadfully black, and profoundly knowing one who elongates himself through the tent door and reconnoitres the situation; so have we seen in white-hot summer noons, a single benighted fellow in profound silence from among its partners in the dust and cock an inexpressibly knowing eye at earth and heaven.

We have said nothing about the great landscapes which brighten the walls of the Academy. It seems as if they might be allowed to speak for themselves—"saying in odor and color" we don't know what—what does the odor of a fresh varnished canvas express? Some-

thing very balsamic and balmy no doubt. There is Bierstadt, with his great "Yo Semite Valley" (436), not half so good as the small study for it previously exhibited; and his "Golden Gate," a tossing chase of fluid gold; Kensett, always delicate and fresh; the poetic and melancholy McEntee; Gifford, whose brush may be said to dream while it paints; he contributes the "Coming Storm," a very dramatic picture, owned by a great dramatic star; "Hampton Beach;" and a shining and glorious scene among the Shawangunk Mountains (349); they are all beautiful, and they all speak louder of Gifford than they do of nature.

But we never speak about art. The troupe of careful and conscientious artists belonging to the German Opera deserves every attention and patronage. The singers, if not people of genius, are reliable and accurate. Formes has been acting and singing with glorious spirit and renewing his youth like the eagle. The company attacks the most difficult operas with a pluck that is astonishing. They gave "The Huguenots" very successfully. The truly poetic and inspired "Fidelio" brought out Johansson in a part worthy of her fine intelligence and genius. It is to be regretted that in the universal depression attendant upon the President's death, this worthy troupe did not receive all the encouragement its members deserved.

Wallack's theatre has had its interior once more illuminated by the countenance of that beautiful and perennial man, Mr. Lester Wallack. He appeared on Tuesday in "The Wonder."

Miss Maggie Mitchell, in her own character of Fanchon, has been delighting the patrons of Niblo's Garden.

The Hippodrome still revolves. The gigantic attraction to its ring is just now a one-legged male dancer, advertised as the individual man who under the name of Donat or Donato lately amazed the polite circles of Vienna and Paris.

Barum has found what Solomon sighed for, something new under the sun. Three full-grown and intelligent performers, a horse, a rider and a big snake have first tied themselves up in a great coil, and then had themselves converted into stone, to be purchased, at ever so much the ton, by the President of Showmen. The million of curiosities are as millennial and delightful as ever, and the performances in the Lecture Room fill the benches nightly and morning with happy crowds.

If your friends insist upon your carte de visite, make them wait until you can go to Clarke's, 643 Broadway. We honestly think him the politest and most obliging artist in the city, and his pictures are all that can be desired for clearness and beauty.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The rebel floating battery which had come down the Roanoke river, N. C., intent on mischief, has been found sunk and abandoned, she having been blown up by a Confederate torpedo.

Among the appointments made by Governor Fenton is that of William P. Powell to be notary public. Mr. Powell is a well-educated man, of great respectability, well known to the commercial community as engaged for many years in the business of shipping sailors. He recently took the necessary oath of office at the City Hall. It is the first time a colored man has occupied the position of notary public in this city.

The Hon. Charles Sumner has accepted the invitation of the Boston municipal authorities to pronounce an oration on Mr. Lincoln in that city. The services will probably take place in the Music Hall, on Thursday, June 1.

Payne, the attempted assassin of the Seward family, has made a full confession of his crime.

The Senate of Tennessee has adopted a resolution offering \$5,000 reward for the delivery of ex-Governor Isham G. Harris to the civil authorities of that State.

Application for National Banks at Richmond, Savannah, Petersburg and Charleston have been made to the Treasury Department.

The Government will pay \$100,000,000 to discharged soldiers and others during the month of May. 40,000,000 of certificates of indebtedness were redeemed in April.

The executive order of January 20, 1865, prohibiting the exportation of hay, is rescinded from and after the 1st day of May, by order of the President.

An association has been formed in Washington for the purpose of erecting a suitable monument to the memory of President Lincoln. The following are the officers of the association: Richard Wallace, Mayor of Washington, president; Crosby S. Noyes, secretary; and George W. Riggs, treasurer. It is proposed to raise \$100,000 dollars by subscription, to be limited in amount from \$1 to \$10 per individual contributor.

It was only last October that Jeff. Davis, in a speech at Columbia, S. C., vented his imbecile spite against the "Yankees" by saying to his hearers, "Do you not all know that the only way to make spaniels civil is to whip them?" He affected to believe that the Confederacy would be able to plant its banners on the banks of the Ohio, "where," he added, "we may say to the Yankees, 'Be quiet, or we shall teach you another lesson.'" And this poor stuff was uttered at a time when he knew that the fortunes of his bogus concern were utterly desperate.

The rebel ram Albemarle, which was sunk at Plymouth, N. C., has been raised, and is now at the Gosport Navy Yard. The cost of raising her was about \$20,000. Her machinery was in excellent order, and she sustained but little damage by the explosion of the torpedo. It is intended to put her in repairing order, and probably she will be sent to New York to be fitted out as a first-class ironclad.

It is reported that a torpedo, prepared to represent a lump of coal, was the cause of the explosion of the steamer *Sultana*, near Memphis, and the loss of about 1,500 lives.

It appears that the 40 or 50 negro soldiers enlisted by the rebels under their act of Congress, and who evacuated Richmond with Lee's army, going towards Amelia, dropped off at the rate of about one for every mile travelled, and when the rendezvous was reached the white captain and the colored corporal alone remained.

The President has rescinded the Executive order of November 21, 1862, prohibiting the exportation of arms and ammunition from the United States.

A mammoth navy gun is just completed at the Fort Pitt Works, Pittsburg. It is named Beelzebub. The bore is 20 inches in diameter; depth of chamber, 14 feet 8 inches; weight, 98,851 lbs.; charge of powder, 125 lbs.; weight of ball, 1,080 lbs. The trial was a perfect success.

There is not a loyal American who will not cordially agree with the following remarks of the New York Times: "It is now greatly to be regretted that the rebel loan put on the market in England two years ago was not greater in amount. Not more than \$15,000,000 of it, we believe, has ever been disposed of, and that is hardly sufficient to make the loss of it as widely and as severely felt as could be desired. It was all taken, and is probably most of it now held by the most unscrupulous, unprincipled, cynical and money-worshipping portion of the English business world; and we need hardly say that it would not only cause deep satisfaction to all good men everywhere to feel that this crew had been heavily mulcted, but would help the cause of morality all over Christendom. There is no way in which they can be so severely punished as through their pockets, and there is no kind of punishment so peculiarly appropriate."

The Providence Journal, in a vigorous article on the assassin Booth, closes with this paragraph: "Even at this hour let us not forget that the chief criminals are not Booth and Faine and Harold and Atzerot. Let us keep our eye on those unwholesome villains who are making their way southward through the Carolinas with the money they have stolen. Jeff. Davis and Judah Benjamin and their associates are, it is believed, as guilty as Booth. Their hands are red and dripping with the blood of Abraham Lincoln. Thieves, murderers, tyrants, traitors, let Justice have her perfect work with them, and the whole nation will say, Amen."

—Edward Ingersoll, of Philadelphia, was mobbed there a few days ago, on his return from New York, where he made a speech, from which this is an extract: "I yield to no man in sympathy for the people of the South, a gallant people, struggling nobly for their liberty against as sordid and vile a tyranny as ever proposed the degradation of our race. Nay, I go further, and with Jefferson, Madison and Livingston, I fully embrace the doctrine of secession as an American doctrine, without the element of which American institutions cannot permanently live."

—Gen. Halleck, commanding in Richmond, has issued an order that, "No marriage license will be issued until the parties desiring to be married take the oath of allegiance to the United States, and no clergyman, magistrate or other person authorized by State laws to perform the marriage ceremony will officiate in such capacity, until he himself and the parties contracting matrimony have taken the prescribed oath of allegiance."

—For the first time since the suspension of specie payments, the supply of cents at the Mint in Philadelphia, is at stated exceeds the demand.

—The discontinuance of the drafting system will relieve from duty a force of persons estimated at 70,000.

—Gen. Grant's house, which the denizens of the City of Brotherly Love have presented to that officer, has been thoroughly furnished in the best manner and was to have been occupied for the first time by the General's family May 1st.

—Extra Billy Smith (Ex Gov. of Virginia) is now called "Surplus William," as he and the first Auditor of the State endeavored to carry off \$100,000 in specie belonging to the Virginia Banks, when Davis fled from Richmond. They proceeded up the canal as far as Buckingham county, scattering the money along the wayside, and placing some of it in the jail in that county, where it has since been found. Gov. Pierpont proposes to offer a reward for "Surplus William."

—It has always been a rebel boast that our losses in the campaign from the Rapidan to Richmond far exceeded their own; and hence they affected to sneer at the Lieutenant-General as Grant, the butcher. As to the relative losses, let Jackson Hospital speak from its official records for the months of May, June and July, 1864, as to the wounded admitted and the number returned to duty, promising that previous to the 4th of May no wounded appear:

	Admitted.	Returned to Duty.
May	3,917	97
June	2,883	1,370
July	1,849	623

Total

These grand totals for three months show this fact at least, that of the severely wounded of the rebel army alone, only one in four were returned to duty within the time covered by the statistics. That the other hospitals would show the same proportion there is no reason to doubt. It has been stated that there are 21 hospitals or more in and around Richmond. Give them in the three months 2,000 each, instead of the 9,649 the official records show Jackson Hospital to have received, and we get a total of wounded brought to Richmond of 63,000. Adding the usual killed in action, and deducting one-fourth as returned to duty, will give a disabling of the rebel army in May, June and July, 1864, of 57,750 men. Of course a portion of these men were in the after months of the year returned to duty, but making all allowance for these, and what becomes of the rebel boast that their losses were slight compared with Grant's?

—In the last number of the *Lutheran and Missionary*, we find this beautiful idea: "Our country's faith has learned a new interpretation of her standard. The white typifies the purity of purpose which belongs to her true ruler; the red points to the crimson tide in which life flows forth a willing sacrifice; the blue points her to the home in heaven to which the good are gathered. The stars in her banner tell of light in darkness, and she shall learn to range them in a new and beautiful order, as the Constellation of the Cross."

—A Springfield (Ill.) dispatch says the general impression seems to be that the extensive grounds known as the Mather property, in the south-eastern part of the city, will be purchased for the last resting-place of the honored remains, though many citizens are desirous that they should repose in the Oak Ridge Cemetery, naturally one of the most beautiful burying grounds in the United States, and just beyond the present city limits.

—A Mr. Randall, of Providence, R. I., has made a design for a monument to Roger Williams, the founder of the State, and has deposited in one of the Providence institutions for savings \$1,000, to remain on interest until the accumulated fund is sufficient to meet the estimated cost of the monument.

—In San Francisco there is a Chinese doctor named Li-Po-Tai, who makes an income of \$20,000 per year.

—We have now 10 new territories waiting to be made States. They are: Wyoming, Arizona, Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Nebraska, New Mexico, Utah and Washington.

—On Friday last, Mr. Debroker, while digging a well for water on his farm, at Independence, Ohio, at the depth of 38 feet struck a vein of heavy lubricating oil.

NEW BOOKS, MUSIC, &c.

PERCY; OR, FORTUNE'S FOLIOES. By Mrs. Gore. F. A. BRADY, No. 22 Ann street.

This is a story of a young man of genius struggling against disheartening circumstances and the life of modern London. It contains some pretty strong pictures of literary experience. The type is good, and general style attractive.

REWARD FOR JEFF DAVIS.

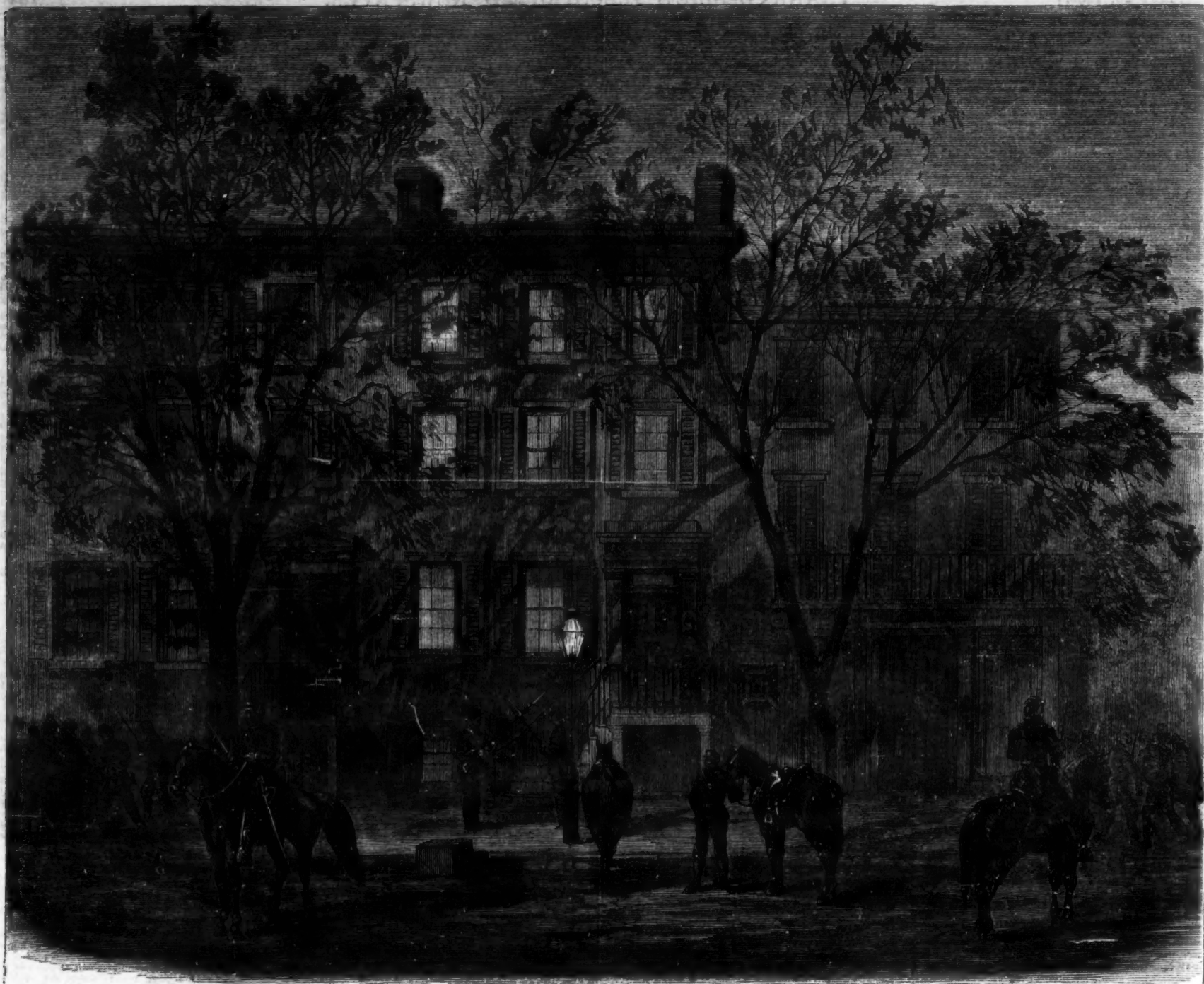
A Proclamation.

Whereas, It appears from evidence in the Bureau of Military Justice that the atrocious murder of the late President, Abraham Lincoln, and the attempted assassination of the Hon. W. H. Seward, Secretary of State, were incited, concerted, and procured by and between Jefferson Davis, late of Richmond, Va., and Jacob Thompson, Clement C. Clay, Beverly Tucker, George N. Sanders, W. C. Cleary, and other rebels and traitors against the Government of the United States, harbored in Canada; now, therefore, to the end that justice may be done, I, Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, do offer and promise for the arrest of said persons, or either of them within the limits of the United States, so that they can be brought to trial, the following rewards: One hundred thousand dollars for the arrest of Jefferson Davis; twenty-five thousand dollars for the arrest of Clement C. Clay; twenty-five thousand dollars for the arrest of Jacob Thompson, late of Mississippi; twenty-five thousand dollars for the arrest of George N. Sanders; twenty-five thousand dollars for the arrest of Beverly Tucker, and ten thousand dollars for the arrest of William C. Cleary, late Clerk of Clement C. Clay.

The Provost-Marshal-General of the United States is directed to cause a description of said persons, with notice of the above rewards, to be published.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, [L. S.] and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed. Done at the City of Washington, the second day of May, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five, and of the Independence of the United States of America the eighty-ninth.

ANDREW JOHNSON.



HOUSE OF MR. PETERSEN, OPPOSITE FORD'S THEATRE, WASHINGTON, D. C., WHERE THE PRESIDENT DIED.—FROM A SKETCH BY A. BERGHAUS.

THE FUNERAL CEREMONIES AT CHICAGO.

At about noon of the 1st of May, the funeral train containing the honored relics approached the depot, preceded by a pilot engine. The immense crowd, which had been waiting from an early hour, uncovered, and pressed as near as possible around the car which contained the coffin.

The engine was then separated from the train, leaving the funeral car standing in front of the platform. Presently the military guard of honor made their appearance and proceeded to take their appropriate station. Then the committee of one hundred citizens, who received the remains at Michigan City, descended from the cars and formed in order on the platform. Another pause ensued, during which the excitement of the people became more and more intense.

At length the coffin made its appearance, borne on the shoulders of eight sergeants of the guard, who proceeded slowly down the platform towards the funeral arch. The guard of honor from Washington were formed in order around the bier. The Great Western Light Guard band at the same moment played a solemn air while the soldiers carried the coffin up the sloping platform erected in front of the arch, beneath which the funeral car was awaiting the remains.

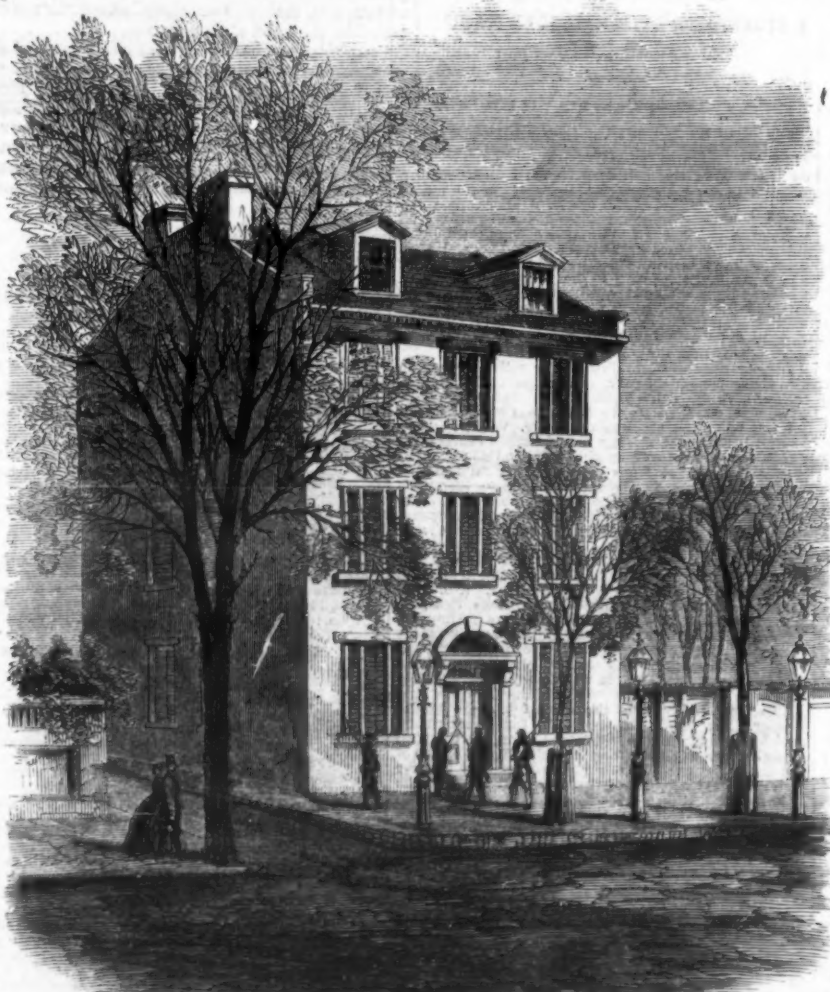
After the coffin was placed upon the dais in the car, and while the solemn strains of the funeral march were pealing in the air, a most beautiful and touching rite was performed. This was the strewing of *immortelles* and garlands upon the bier, by 36 young ladies of the high school. Before the arrival of the funeral escort this fair company of maidens had been the object of universal admiration and remark. They were placed within the garden in front of one of the residences, where they awaited the coming of the train. Attired in snow white robes, with a simple sash of thin black crepe tied with a rosette at the side, bare-headed and with a black velvet wreath over their brows, in front of which sparkled a single star; some with fair, sunny ringlets hanging loosely around their shoulders; others with their hair arranged in neat plaits at the back—they looked the very emblems of purity.

The courthouse was decorated on the exterior with black and white flags depending from each window. The tower was also draped to the top with mourning. The spacious rotunda, where the remains were to be deposited, was decorated with mourning. Rays of black and white cloth covered all the roof, being gathered into a centre around the chandeliers. The walls were also covered with black and white cloth, and significant inscriptions placed over both entrances, and upon the walls. Over the north door, on the outside, were the words,

The Beauty of Israel is Slain upon thy high Places.
And on the inside, over the same door,

The Altar of Freedom has Borne no Nobler Sacrifice.
Over the south door, on the outside, was the inscription,

Lincoln Clasp to her Boon her Sain, but Glorified Son



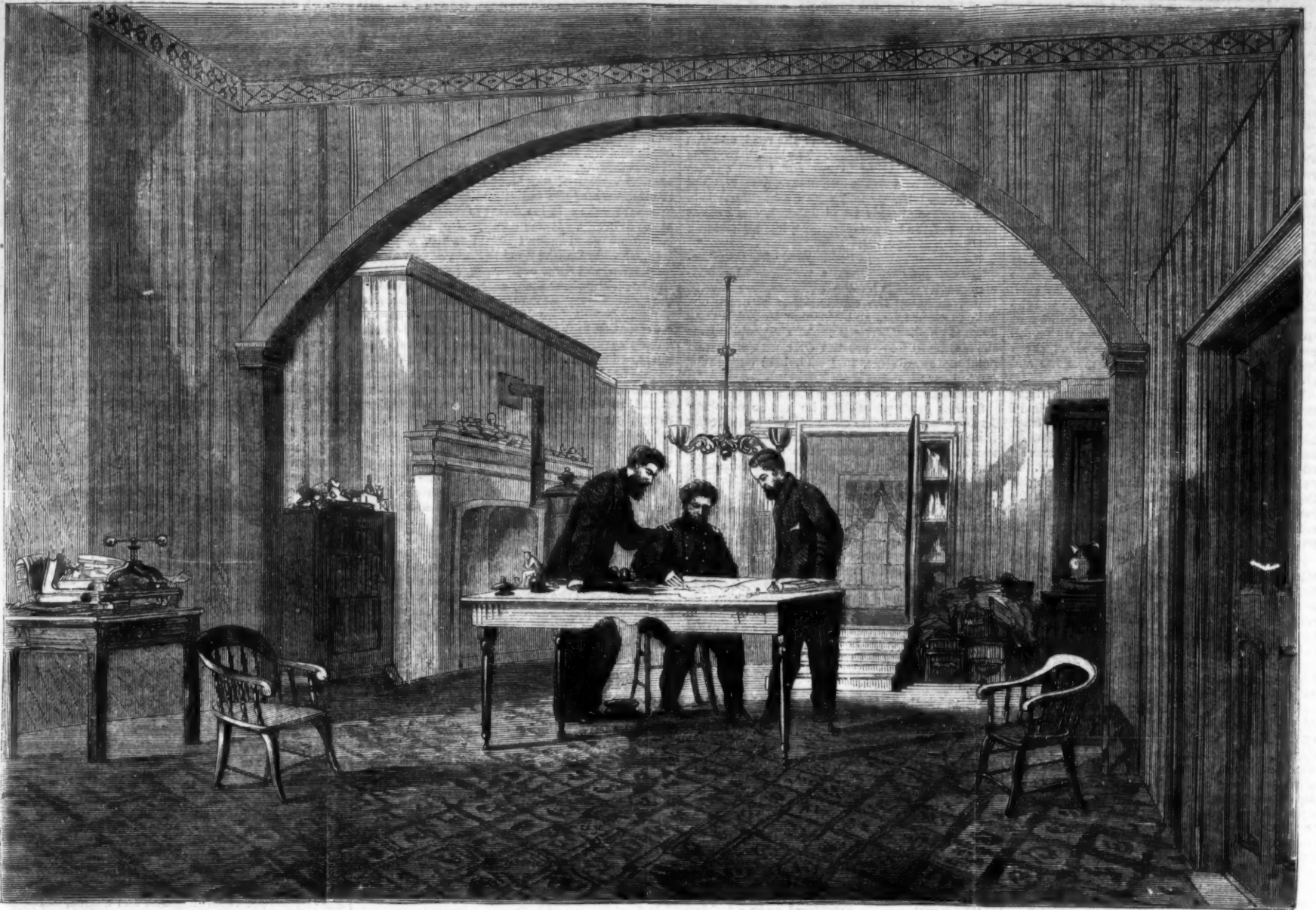
HOUSE OF HON. WM. H. SEWARD, WASHINGTON D. C.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, ALBERT BERGHAUS.

And inside, over the same entrance,
He was sustained by our prayers, and returns embalmed
by our tears.

In the centre of the rotunda stood the catafalco upon
which was to be deposited the remains.

THE COST OF PEACE IN EUROPE.—Those who are alarmed at the expense of carrying on the war against rebellion in this country may find comfort in the following extract from the *Paris Siecle*. While we are temporarily compelled to expend our money, in order that a permanent and prosperous condition of affairs may be re-established, the mere maintenance of a factitious peace among the jealous nations of Europe causes a constant and enormous outlay. The *Siecle* says: "In spite of the assurances which are given to us on the maintenance of peace, it is difficult to close one's eyes upon the feelings which animate the Governments one towards another. Distrust is the rule of conduct. Not one of them thinks of attacking his neighbor; but all arm themselves for defence. The misfortune is, that defensive armaments cost as much as offensive armaments, and as the expenses which result from these warlike precautions weigh heavily upon the peoples, I would not be surprised to find out that these should desire war through a love for peace. The peace that we enjoy, this armed peace, costing annually four or five thousand millions of francs to Europe, resembles war so much that a good war which would lead to a solid peace, to a disarmed peace, would certainly be preferable. Europe presents the spectacle of a sick man whom physicians would recommend to expect his cure from chance: 'You are sick, be patient; you suffer, wait; and no other prescriptions. If politicians were to proceed scientifically, the remedy would soon be found. Europe is sick, they would say, and she is sick because her constitution is vitiated by the diet to which she has been subjected so many years; let us change this diet. But politicians are prudent men; they proceed slowly and wisely; they do not want to kill the patient; they much prefer to let him die!'"

THE TRAGIC FATE OF A LION TAMER.—A letter from Wurtzburg, Bavaria, in the *Petit Journal*, gives the following account of a scene said to have taken place in that town on the 25th of January: "A Frenchman, named Soulagues, a native of Colmar, has for some time past been exhibiting, with great success, at Wurtzburg, as a lion tamer. On the day above-mentioned, he entered a den containing a lion and lioness, and made them go through various performances. The spectators loudly applauded. Elated by these plaudits, Soulagues determined to do something more extraordinary, and for that purpose he collected in one den a lion, a lioness, a white bear, two black bears, four hyenas, two wolves and a tiger. He then entered himself, whip in hand, but the door was scarcely closed when the tiger made a spring at the white bear. This was the signal of a terrific struggle among all the beasts, which appeared at once to recover their natural ferocity. Soulagues, hoping to intimidate the animals, fired two shots at the tiger and white bear. This act sealed his fate, for the tiger, leaving the bear, sprang on his keeper, threw him down, and began to tear him with his teeth and claws. The other beasts, rendered furious by the smell of blood, all fell on the unhappy man, and in a few minutes he was torn to pieces and almost entirely devoured, in the presence of the horror-stricken spectators, who were powerless to render assistance.



INTERIOR OF CHIEF DETECTIVE COL. BAKER'S OFFICE, OPPOSITE WILLARD'S HOTEL, WASHINGTON, D. C.—COL. BAKER LAYING DOWN THE PLAN OF BOOZIE'S CAPTURE TO HIS CHIEF SUBORDINATES. FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. CRANE.



FLOATING ON THE LAKE.

BY AMANDA T. JONES.

FLOATING—floating on the lake,
All the merry, merry day;
How the swells arise and break,
Flash and toss their pearly spray!
While I dream—float and dream,
As the billows in my wake
Roll and bubble, glide and gleam,
Creep and vanish in the lake.

Green the shore and fair the lake;
Here the barque and there the glade;
Here the ripple, there the brake;
Here the sun and there the shade,
While I dream—float and dream—
Would my heart might never wake!
Swell and bubble, glide and gleam,
Creep and sparkle, laughing lake!

Sigh and murmur, swelling lake!
I've a lover on the shore;
There he waits my hand to take,
When my wayward mood is o'er.
Still I dream—float and dream—
Shall I never, never wake?
Creep and darken, glide and gleam,
Sink and swell, O, tossing lake!

Hark! the wind is on the lake;
Shadows drift and veil the skies;
Yonder cloud begins to break;
Forth the baleful lightning flies.
Still I dream—float and dream—
O, my foolish heart awake!
See the billows roll and gleam,
Swell and dash across the lake!

Shoreward flying o'er the lake—
Ah, my friend, 'too long alone;
Faithful still, though all forsake—
Well my loving shall atone!
While we dream—sweetly dream,
Suns may shine or storms may break;
Roll and bubble, glide and gleam—
Love is brighter, foaming lake!

The Night-Express Train:

A STORY TOLD BY A RAILROAD MAN.

IN TWO ACCIDENTS.

ACCIDENT THE FIRST.—HE SEES HER THE FIRST TIME.

I TAKE it to be but justice to myself to state here, at the very outset, that what I am about to relate I saw with my own eyes; that I do not ask any one's belief in a statement that has been

handed about from mouth to mouth, and which, from its beginning, like ghost-stories, depends for its truth upon the veracity of a third party. I desire, also, that every one should be assured that I was neither mad nor dreaming, conditions in which story-writers often conclude it best to appear to be, knowing well that the majority of people would discredit tales that are really not half so marvellous as mine. And I would appeal to the car-loads of passengers, some of whose names I could name, who witnessed with horror, what even now, when they reflect upon, is not unaccompanied with feelings akin to awe and dread. So certain is it, that at some time where the eye of man fails the hand of God strikes.

I was then, and have been until lately, connected with one of the lines of road that reach from one end of our State to the other. Since the first pick was struck into the ground, preparatory to building the road, which was done by the president of the company, amidst much waving of the Star Spangled, many blasts from brass, and loud cheering from the throats of persons who had invested,



ATTEMPTED SUICIDE FROM THE RAILROAD TRAIN.



THE JILTED LOVER RETURNS THE FALSE ONE'S GIFT.

now almost forty years ago, I have been connected with the road in one capacity or another, humble, to be sure, but I have always possessed the confidence of the company and superintendent in whatever way I may have been employed. I mention this as an additional reason, to show that myself and my statement are entitled to the confidence of those who may hear or read it. Besides, first, last and always, I like to speak the truth—a liking which has given me the nickname among the boys of "Old Veracity," which I take to be about as much of a compliment as can well be bestowed on a man. I don't believe, now, but what, if taking the hands all along the line of the road, you should ask at random, here and there, amongst them, for Jacob Cockroft, which is my name by rights, and which my father—blessed be his memory!—bore before me, there is one that could point me out to you; but if you should ask for Old Veracity, be sure that a hundred voices could direct you at once to the right spot, so generally have I become known by that name.

At the time of which I write I was, what you might call, in the prime of life; not that prime by which you would wish to indicate good looks nor sharpness of mind, for I never had either the one or the other, but the prime of my strength, when a hard day's work left no sore remembrance next morning, when a long breath would swell out my hard chest and make me tingle all over with an excitement almost intoxicating, when my now weak, trembling arms sometimes tore open my shirt-sleeves with the working of the close, compact muscles. I have read somewhere—and I don't do much else now-a-days but read—that a person impresses himself upon the inanimate

objects that surround his everyday life; that to look at a man's work-bench, or his box of tools, or his desk, will tell one more than merely how he does his work: that you can make shrewd guesses at his character therefrom, at his habits, where he spends his evenings, whether or not he is married, and what his thoughts are mostly about. I think that the materials amidst which we spend the greater part of our time impress themselves on us; that if we dig not only our bodies grow dirty, but our minds and souls; if we work with iron, we grow hard, and sinewy, and pitiless even as it is; if we handle the gay fabrics of women's apparel over some mahogany counter, our hands and bodies are not the only parts of us that grow soft and effeminate. With myself at least, whose hand was almost always on a piece of iron, I grew as hard, and sinewy, and stolid as my engine, when it stood cold and impassive in its house. It took a more than common occasion to stir up my admiration, pity or anger; but still, like my engine, when the blast was open and the heat boiled up within me, I was an entirely different order of being, even as it was, when, with a full head of steam on, and with its quick, short, sharp breathing, it danced through the meadows and green pastures.

I had come on the road, at first, young and gay as the boys of a gang of Irishmen, and when I had seen the five hundred and more miles of track laid, I had been offered the position of fireman on one of the engines, which I took, and shortly afterwards I was given a machine of my own. It was not long before I was running the best engine the company had before the fastest train on the road. The engine was the 796 (all of the machines were numbered on our road), but her general favorite name was Sprightly.

Sprightly was none of your common eight-wheeled horses, and that admiration, which perhaps I should have given to a wife, was all given to her. I believe that my extreme delight in her exquisite perfections were all that kept me from turning wholly into iron. The nearest sentiment to love that ever entered my breast was my feeling for her. She was my pet, my darling! I laugh at an Arab's love for his mare, which may sleep in his tent among his children. Does she never have fits of bad temper, nor contractions of the muscles in the hind legs? I laugh at a sailor's love for his ship, which, however beautiful, owns another master, the wind, and, like many another fickle mistress, may leave one in the hour of his extremity and need. Sprightly was a goddess beside them, as beautiful, as prepossessing, more elegantly proportioned, and, better than all, had no will but mine, no master but me. You should have seen her, with every rib and joint, and every glittering bit of brass and steel polished and shining in the sun, like the bright eyes of a beautiful woman, with little flags, fluttering like ribbons from beside her head-light, and the huge silver-tipped antlers decorating her front. When she came from her house to be hooked to the train she looked like an elegant lady, fully dressed, coming out for a stately promenade. She moved with the grace and dignity of a queen, and always acted with the obedience and faith of a true, loving wife. I never called upon her for an extra effort but what she responded with more than I asked. We ran fifteen miles in ten and a half minutes at one time, saving the company ten times the cost of a first-class engine, and she never grumbled nor strained, nor even creaked. I confess that I patted her great black sides, as one would caress a child for a good deed, and it was pleasant, even if untruthful, to imagine that she understood and appreciated me.

I had been running Sprightly for almost five years over the same track, and we had met with not a single mishap, nor had we been behind time more than twice from our own fault during those years. We had become so used to the track, and the curves, and the switches, that if we were running in the darkest night, and with no head-light, she would tell me instantly, by her movements, on what particular square foot of track we were. We were running the fast day express at this time of which I speak. It was called the "lightning train," and it deserved the name, for within the time for the light of day, during the long summer days, we could stand upon the shores of the great lakes and by the side of the Atlantic.

About the midway point between the termini of the road is now a city. It used to be an humble, unpretending little hamlet; but the leading men in its neighborhood had been so generous to the company, that in their turn nearly all of the machine shops, engine-houses, central offices, and repairing depots had been stationed there, so that only a few years had sufficed to make it a city of considerable size and much beauty. The lightning train east reached this place about noon, where it met the train west, and where there were accommodations for a twenty minute dinner for the passengers.

It was a beautiful August Wednesday that Sprightly and I drove into this station from the west, before a magnificent train, and just on the notch of time. I saw that she was provided with a supply of that sustenance which was more necessary for her labor than food and drink is to man's, turned on the escape-valve, and went to furnish myself with a bite or two and a cup of coffee.

"And thus shall ye eat it, with your loins girded, your shoes on your feet, and your staff in your hand, and ye shall eat it in haste."

That is one of the covenants to the Jews about Passover time, and it would do right well to paint in large capital letters as a sign over the entrance door of every railway dining-saloon in the land. That is what I most always thought of whenever I looked at a train of passengers gorging themselves with hot food and burning drinks. The haste and fear of staying too late that is displayed and the rushing noise and clatter of knives, forks and plates is hunger-dispelling, and gives a well regulated stomach a shiver of horror. And to-day there, with the clank of hammer on hollow wheels,

the calling of check numbers, the rumbling of baggage trucks along the platform, and the gush of steam were so ear-piercing that Ike Wood, the conductor, failed to make me hear, as he stood quite a distance up the platform, and it was only as I sat down to my cakes and coffee that he made his way to me, asking pettishly why I did not answer him, and saying that I need not hurry, as the other train was delayed by an accident, and might not be in for some time. The westward-bound trains had the right to the road, and this was before telegraph times. The intelligence was not at all displeasing to me, and I laid out the ground plan of a full-grown dinner, contemplated eating very leisurely and very much. Everybody had gone long before I had finished, and I sat at the end of the long empty table, like a ghost in a banquet-hall deserted.

While I was eating I had noticed, from the frequency of its occurrence, a well-dressed gentleman pass rapidly by the entrance-door several times, scanning the countenances of every one with an eager look, and stopping to look up and down the hall. At length one of the people about the station had come to the door with him, and pointing towards me, had said, loud enough for me to hear:

"I don't know, sir; but there sits the engineer." So that, in all probability he had been looking for the conductor. He came rapidly and directly towards me. His face was strange to me, but must have been a pleasing one to look upon, I should think, when only pleasant emotions were in his breast. For it was a very tall-tale face, the eyes large and expressive, the mouth mobile and small, but almost womanly in its beauty. In the one I could plainly see a gleam of dissatisfaction, and the muscles of the other twitched in that peculiar manner that betokens suppressed feeling. He threw himself heavily into a chair directly opposite to me, tipped his hat on the back part of his head, showing a white, noble, open brow, put his elbow on the table, grasped his head with his hands as if to check its throbbing, and in that position stared at me in that uncomfortable manner, which seemed to say, "I believe you are guilty of some hideous thoughts; come, confess, now."

"You are the engineer?" he suddenly asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Engineer of this eastward-bound lightning express?" he continued, measuring each word slowly, as if to make sure of his man.

"Just so," I answered; "which I also may consider being an honor."

"You will be behind time," he went on, very slowly, "when you leave this station. Sometimes belated trains meet with misfortunes."

I set it down immediately as a case of anxiety respecting some dear friend, whose absence was necessary but deplored, and whose safety was thought to be endangered, so I said:

"I am not usually considered to be a reckless individual, sir."

"Oh, no, no," he said, impatiently, "that is not what I intended to intimate. I would that you were," he added, in an undertone. "I think that I know you too well. They call you—"

"Old Veracity," I put in.

"Just so, just so," he said, with an undecided smile. "But tell me, Squire Truthful, in how many times now out of—ten say, putting it arithmetically, do belated trains meet with misfortunes?"

"I don't know," I answered, surlily. "I never met with any greater misfortune at any time than a hot wheel."

"You're a lucky man," he said. "but did you never hear tell of a remarkable pitcher that went to the well over so many times, and when at length it broke it all went to smash?" He brought his hand heavily down upon the table at this, making the dishes clatter and jump, as if he would illustrate his words. "And the dish ran away with the spoon!" he quoted, looking around at the jingling he had caused. Then, as if growing very confidential, he leaned over towards me, laid his hand on my shoulder, and put his lips close to my ear. "If this is your time," he whispered, "may it be the same with you, and may you drive them all to hell, and shut the door on them too!"

He repeated his expression, shrugging his shoulders, elevating his eyebrows and pointing to the floor with his finger. I was at a loss to understand such language or such actions. Such an occurrence never came within the range of my experience before. I thought that it must be a lunatic, a drunkard or an idiot that had spoken to me, and I looked up at him as he arose and straightened himself. His breath was pure and his eye more than intelligently bright.

"What do you mean, sir?" I asked, angrily.

"What business have you to do with me, such particular ill-luck?"

"Don't get angry now, Uncle Straightforward," he answered, emphasising the pronoun as he proceeded. "Not you, but them."

"What are them to me?" I asked, sneeringly.

"What do you come to me at best for? People do not, as a general thing, inflict their private ills on strangers in public places, unless they are fools or something worse. I don't care a rusty filing for you or your wishes!"

"You seem to be moved by them," he said, calmly.

"I am not by them, and don't you think so," I answered, "but that you should tell me. I don't meddle in your affairs, what do you come amongst mine, like a spectre, for? And I shall drive my train with speed, caution and safety as the advertisements say, to its destination, notwithstanding your foolishness."

"You will not," he said, emphatically, "foolishness or not foolishness," and then added in a tone of the politest inquiry, "did it ever happen in the world, that a man's foolishness came after a time to be the world's wisdom? Remember, you will not. There, so much wasted steam is worked off, and I feel better."

He pulled his hat down over his forehead as he

said this, and walked away. I muttered some angry exclamation of contempt, though I was just a little ill at ease—not that I feared the man contemplated any mischief to the train, but that I am just superstitious enough to dislike croakers or omens or prophecies.

When I came out upon the platform I very soon discovered the cause of the ill wishes of this, what I thought, crack-brained soothsayer. He was leaning very carelessly, with his arms folded, against one of the posts that bear aloft, like banners in the sky, the names of the hotels of the city. He was looking, with his great, blue, dissatisfied eyes, at a group of people who stood in front of the doorway of the ladies' waiting-room. The group were the solution, to my mind, of the young man's difficulty. It was composed of two white-haired old gentlemen, two old ladies, a young lady, who was leaning upon the arm of one of the gentlemen, and three or four other young ladies. At almost any other time, accustomed as I was to the sight of many strange and striking faces, and pleasant groups, I would not have paid the slightest attention to these; but as it was, being so singularly accosted by the young man, not at all in a hurry, and somewhat struck by the marvellous beauty of the young lady, who, as well, attracted the attention of all the passengers, I stopped and stared as earnestly as if I had been looking at Sprightly performing some remarkable feat. I try to think coherently and speak plainly of the radiant loveliness of this young creature; but when she comes to my memory as she then stood, and I attempt to tell over one by one the catalogue of her charms, I get myself bewildered. I know there seemed to be about her a dazzling, radiant halo, a kind of glitter that attracted, fascinated and magnetised one. I know that she was a brunette, with dark hair, rippling back over her forehead, and with large, Jewess-looking, almond-shaped eyes; but whether her attractiveness arose from the perfection of each feature, or a sublime proportion of them all, I cannot say. Old as I was, I felt drawn towards her by an irresistible impulse, but accompanied by none of those pleasant feelings that steal about one's heart and warm it to sympathy and kindness. There was something more like a dread, a fear of harm to oneself if he ventured within the charmed presence. Two ideas or remembrances, that impressed upon my childish mind, never can be obliterated, came forcibly into my thoughts while I looked. One was my mother's old Polyglot Bible, that possessed but one merit in my baby eyes. It had a picture of Daliab, standing, as I thought, brilliantly beautiful, very scantily arrayed, with the object of her treachery lying bound at her feet, and holding the means thereof in her hand. The other was the soft, low, wailing music that an East India serpent-charmer drew from a reed.

The memory of these two and the young lady's face will always remain with me now associated together.

She was talking busily, and with much animation, to the gentleman upon whose arm she was leaning; but ever and anon she turned her lustrous eyes towards him who had so curiously accosted me in the dining-hall, and the wealth of affection that came up into them reminded me of a golden goblet filled to overflowing with precious wine.

It needed not a very large stock of penetration to discover that the group was a wedding party. Although I could see no appropriate groom for such a lovely bride as the young lady was, nor any of the dressy evidences of that period of admitted womanly display, there was such an air of merriment and gaiety, such a half-way shrinking from the public admiration, such ecstatic glances shot from the eyes of the old gentleman towards her who was leaning on his arm, that I was not long in coming to that conclusion; and I was not wrong.

Ike Wood ran up to say that the train was coming, and as he did so the shrill shriek of the engine came up from across the bridge that leads into the town. There was a bustle and stir upon the platform, and the group moved towards the coach that they were to take. I was in no particular hurry, for I was curious. Everything was ready, and the train couldn't start until I mounted and spoke to Sprightly.

The beautiful lady must have lost the arm of her attendant, for she disappeared a moment, and then appeared on the edge of the crowd alone, going towards the motionless figure that had all the time been watching her with his bright, dissatisfied eyes. She went slowly, for both of the old gentlemen came hastily from the crowd, and cried out, in surprised tones, "Gestie!" She hesitated a moment, then, turning towards them, said, "I will speak to him just once," walking straight up towards the figure leaning against the post. A painful look shot across her face as she put out her hand towards him—a look that fairly beseeched his pity and forbearance. She could only utter one word, and that seemed to be his name, "Milton!" It was met by a cold, stern glance from the blue eyes, that seemed as unfriendly and pitiless as the blue sky of a winter's day in a polar sea. The little gloved hand was pushed rudely away, and the man swept past her with a chilling dignity. She watched him as he disappeared behind the water tank at the upper end of the platform. She standing so motionless! What a savage glitter came into her eyes! How her lip trembled, and her tiny foot beat restlessly upon the floor! For a scarcely noticeable moment, however, for she turned instantly, as it were, to her companions, and they all entered the coach.

It was high time for me to be gone too, as the western train was thundering up the track and rattling across the last switch. In a moment more Sprightly and I were all ready. We were only a little over an hour behind time, but with the fine day and a clear line we could make up every moment. I opened the draft, pulled back the throttle valve, and with a spring we were off.

Just as we entered the deep cut, but a little way

from the station, I saw again the mysterious individual, standing like a statue by the side of the track, with his arms folded and his hat pulled down over his eyes. I don't know that I expected any particular mischief from him, though I scanned more closely than usual the track, reaching straight for miles before me. It was all clear, shining in the sunlight like two slender streams of quicksilver poured from a jar in the far distance. I looked from the window of the engine to watch him as the train passed. From one of the windows of the rear coach I saw a small hand put out, and from it there dropped a handkerchief. The eddy of the car caught it up, and it flew for a moment, like thistle down, in the air, finally settling a few feet from the man. He walked slowly towards it, and all around it, and then, taking it in his hands, held it out at arms' length, as if taking its measure. As if seized with a sudden passion, he tore it into bits, cast it on the ground, and stamped it fiercely with his feet. We were leaving him very rapidly, so rapidly that he seemed to be shutting himself up as a telescope is closed, and he became a mere speck on the horizon; but as long as I could make out his form I could see him throwing his arms wildly about, and stamping with an unnecessary ferocity upon the ground.

Sprightly did her work like a sentient human being. We glided along with the rapidity and ease of a carrier pigeon in the midair, and when we had made the next station had gained more than twenty minutes of our lost time. While the boys were piling in the wood, and Henry, my fireman, was oiling Sprightly, Ike Wood, accompanied by my beautiful lady (I cannot help calling her so), came along side.

"Ask him," said Ike, smiling and pointing towards me. The beautiful lady, with persuasive smiles dancing into her eyes and playing about her mouth, exclaimed, in a voice as sweet as her person:

"This man is, no doubt, a most excellent conductor, but he is perfectly immovable—a piece of marble." Then she laughed a light laugh, and added, "but you won't be; will you?"

I never was accused of being a bashful man, but as she spoke to me the blood all ran to my face, and a feeling of being very ill at ease crept over me. I managed, however, to look at her with a dogged stare of ill-concealed admiration and embarrassment, which was probably heightened by my knowledge of her situation, and my surmises concerning her and the young man whom she had called Milton. Though I answered nothing, as if she had spoken in an unknown tongue, until she repeated her question, this time with considerable merriment mingled with her earnestness, "But you won't be; will you?"

"Won't be what?" I said, as kindly and gently as I could, although I know it, sounded roughly. She clasped her hands together like a child, and looked up at the old gentleman standing by her side. His look spoke neither approval nor disapproval, and, turning again to me, she spoke quickly, at the same time putting her foot on the step of the engine.

"Why, it has always been a desire of mine to ride upon an engine, especially when we are going rapidly—when it's behind time an hour or so, and trying its best to catch up!"

How singularly and persistently will our minds catch hold of the ends of disconnected threads, and tie them together, when we least expect it! The determined half-maniacal expression of the young man, that I would not reach my destination in safety, flashed across my mind, and gave me a premonitory shudder. These people were the "them" that he had so emphasized. What if, unknowingly, he had prophesied, and she should be with me on the engine at the same time! I pointed towards a large printed placard hung behind me: "No one allowed to ride on the engine." That was my answer to her. The full lips made themselves into a most luxuriant pout.

"You are immovable, too," they said. "But I cannot understand it. You break one of the laws of the company, don't you, if that is a law of the company?"

"It is no ride I am taking, Madam," I answered. "I work on the engine."

"A sophisticated engineer," she muttered, as she went back laughing.

If she had remained looking at me half a moment longer I would have torn down the placard and invited her to a seat by my side. As it was, it was too late, for the signal had been given, and she had only time to step upon the platform of the coach when we were off.

There was a long stretch of nearly eighty miles before us—more than two hours, time-table hours, of a steady pull, over the rockiest, roughest portion of the road, or perhaps any road, except it may be some of those that run into the Pennsylvania coal fields, before we made another stop. A dreary, hard road, through a country of which, formerly, the more one owned the poorer he was, until the railroad was contemplated, when it suddenly assumed great value in the eyes of its possessor. There were hardly twenty rods of straight track in the whole distance, but it was all very smooth and kept in perfect condition, and often I have made up an hour's lost time on it almost imperceptibly. I started out with the intention of doing it again, but scarcely had we made five miles when the bell rope was pulled, and the train came to a standstill for a hot wheel. We were delayed, much to my chagrin, for nearly a half hour, and Sprightly and I were both glad enough when we got the signal at length from Ike to go on, as all was right.

As we got under weigh, and I felt certain that Sprightly was in good trim for increased exertion, I turned my face around at an exclamation of surprise that burst from Henry, my fireman, and there standing upon the step of the house of the engine, hanging by her delicate hands to the iron railing, with her clothes fluttering and flying in the air, was the beautiful lady! Her lovely face

was turned the way we were going, and was lit up with a glorious look. Her attitude and appearance were as if, with outspread wings, she was sailing along in the air by her own exertions. She hardly seemed to be a reality, but only a freak of my imagination; and laborers whom we flew past threw up their hands and cried out in amazement. How she came there I didn't stop to think; but why I too soon knew. I couldn't stop the train to put her back, and she exhibited so much enjoyment that I wouldn't. I carefully lifted her into a seat by my side on the tool-box.

I can neither forgive nor condemn myself for my actions. Though her absence might have averted much that followed, it could not have turned it all aside. Her presence did not attract me from my duty, though it gave me a new sensation in enjoying the exquisite enjoyment she seemed to experience.

The even stride of Sprightly's drivers, along the smooth track, almost like the running of a sleigh, scarcely jarred the lady at all, as she sat very silent and calm just at my elbow, filled with novel sensations. She was looking directly ahead, catching the breeze of the train full in her face, with every little ribbon fluttering out, and a stray curl, here and there, kissing the air.

We were flying along a precipice. Far above us reached the cold, bleak rocks, and birds, gliding about the top of them, seemed mere mites in the air, while away below us, the tumbling river, angrily churned itself into a foam, and seemed to be saying:

"Come down here, oh, come down here, and see how we will chop you into fine bits!"

Through the rocks and in amongst the gullies, it was like playing at hide-and-go-seek with the river. Now almost over it, then darting behind some tall pile of rocks, then hidden by a grove of trees, and then—once more beneath us.

Awaking the echoes with a clatter, we swept through a long cut, for a hundred feet blasted and hewn through rocks laid like masonry. At the further extremity of this cut, a broad, barren and desolate plateau spread out—relieved by only one solitary object—a charred, blackened tree. It stood near the track, tall, gaunt and spectre-like, bending over, as if with its one branch it was preparing to sweep the train over the rocks and down the precipice.

The air of the cut must have been cool and grateful, for as we came out upon the plateau, a deadly, sickening blast of hot air seemed to shoot out at us from the solitary tree, as poisonous as the breath of the vipers. A faintness came over me, and for an instant shut out the light of day, as if by an eclipse. I would have fallen, only I grasped the valve handle with my arm and with a great effort held it firmly. The feeling lasted scarcely during the time of one revolution of Sprightly's driving wheels, but it was terrible. And when the light came back to me again, it was as grateful and novel as if I had been rushed into a new existence.

I looked down towards the lady, and, foolish fellow, remembered my fascinations, the picture of Dalilah and the serpent charmer's music—and dreaded, lest I had been unduly influenced by some power she possessed. Poor lady! far from it. Her face was buried in her hands. Oh! beautiful hands! Her hat had fallen from her head, and the breeze of the train, playing with the ends of her hair, had loosened it, and it had rolled down, down her back, glossy, dark and thick, like water in a heavy mass, tumbling over bleak rocks. Oh! such hair! Glorious crown of beauty! Veil of exquisite delight! She could have buried herself in it, and, being a second lady Godiva, could have ridden in her innocence from one end of the land to the other, with no covering but that; and some peeping Tom would not have been able to tell even the color of her skin!

Rich in its wavy folds, like nothing but itself in its magnificent plenty, the rapid motion of the train could only lift a few stray locks here and there, and flutter, like a helpless bird, amongst the rest.

I could not resist the temptation to take a strand of it gently between my fingers. It was like the finest silk, so delicate in its texture; like quicksilver, so soft and yielding to the touch.

She felt me, as I fondled it, as I would have done a specimen of the costliest fabric, shuddered slightly, took away her hands from her face, gazed at me timidly, with just a perceptible blush, for a moment, and then shrank from me, with upraised hands and shrugged shoulders. I was about to say that I begged her pardon for being so familiar, for I am bold to say, that there is no other man on the road who can any quicker tell a real lady than myself, but she seemed to come to her senses, and throwing up her hand and tossing back a lock that had tumbled over upon her forehead, she laughed aloud, and said that she wasn't afraid of such a great, honest-looking, good-natured fellow as I appeared to be.

"I wonder what was the matter with me?" she continued, looking back, as she spoke, with a shudder, "just there by that lone tree. One of the most singular sensations. A withering faintness, as if I was wandering about—a fearfully dark, sultry place, vainly trying to feel my way out."

"Madam!" I cried, in astonishment, for she had most accurately described my own feelings, and back to me came Dalilah and the music of the serpent charmer.

She laughed a shrill, musical laugh. "You look frightened," she exclaimed. "Have you seen a ghost, or is a lady, with her hat off, and her back hair all down, such a doleful spectacle? Here, here. I'll have a toilet on an engine, going at the rate of sixty miles an hour! Hurrah! That's more than ever Marie Antoinette ever did or could do."

She spoke with great glee, and I obeyed every direction that she gave me, as if the engine had been her dressing room and I her maid-servant.

"Hand me that mirror. So. Hold it for me.

What a great bother. So much hair—reach me that comb, will you? see, it has dropped on the floor—what is the good of so much? Puff it, and curl it, and friz it, and braid it, and one must needs make a perpetual barber of herself. It isn't to make little appear much—but a Samsonian exertion to make much seem little. And then to be asked, 'Where did you get it? How much did you pay for it?' Isn't it shameful? I like it in a net best, only Milton says it looks then like the miraculous draught of fishes! Once more, please, that pin there! How smooth this engine rides. I believe that I will always travel on an engine hereafter—you escape all the smoke, and dust, and cinders. Oh! isn't this de-light-ful! There, in that crack, take care, you will lose it, and I will be dis-consolate, the last hair pin."

In she goes, and the great bother is tied up again.

All the while that she had been speaking so rapidly, she had been, as rapidly with well tutored fingers, arranging her hair, and now, that it was at length in order, she put on her hat, folded her shawl about her person, and looked up at me with something such a leer as I have seen canary birds look at the hand that feeds them.

And I looked down at her. Looked! I stared! If a thing of beauty is a joy for ever, what an enviable eternity of bliss was in that face?

At first there was an earnestness and soberness of demeanor between us that was not put on. I saw at length a smile come dancing up into her eyes, and playing about the corners of her mouth. There was a contagion in it, against which I was not proof. Her smiles grew into a laugh, and so did mine. We both gave an audible chuckle, and she put out her hand towards me. I rubbed the palm of my hand upon my sleeve, and took the dainty little object. It was like laying a rose on a shovel! Without the remotest cause for even so much as a smile, both of us fell to laughing in such a vehement, uncontrollable manner, that great tears forced themselves from our eyes and rolled down our cheeks! The unusual hysterical exertion for a few moments was so severe that I was weakened by it, and sat down beside her. She, too, could only gasp out, as it were, as she drew her hand from mine.

"Mrs. Gertrude Weyant I am—since this morning only—lately rude, wicked Gertie Cockroft. What is your name?"

"Cockroft! Cockroft!" I said, or rather panted, admiringly. "Why, that's my name too. I am Jacob Cockroft, at your service, mistress," for, with all of our mutual laugh, I could not forget the distance between us, and I arose to my feet to look after Sprightly, who, perhaps because she was a little jealous, had given vent to certain groans and creaks that are not at all pleasant for a machinist to hear.

Mrs. Weyant moved up on the seat nearer to me, and laid her tiny hand softly on my arm. A complete change had almost instantly appeared in her manner. Before she had seemed frivolous, girlish and rude—a hoyden out on a great frolic. A child tired of all its old playthings, enjoying with immense zest the discovery of a new sensation. Now there was a sudden overwhelming eagerness, a wild earnestness about her that I could not understand. And her face—one of those that the sun laughs at when the puzzled artist tries to fix it on the plate and never gets the same one twice—seemed another face entirely.

"Let me look at you," she said eagerly. "Are you really, really a Cockroft?"

I turned my face fully towards her, and said, with what I meant for dignity, and as a rebuke to her for an implied questioning of my truthfulness: "All along the line of the road I am called 'Old Veracity.' I try to deserve the name, mistress. I never did anything yet to abuse it. What object could I possibly have for doing so now?"

"Don't be angry with me, please," she appealed, plucking at my sleeve. "If you only knew what an intense longing I have always had, a longing that has almost become a mania, to see one of my own old name, you would bear with me. How, for eighteen years now I have lived, the only one of my name that I ever knew, until I thought that I must be branded for some special purpose, that I should be singled out and marked with a name that no one else could hope or would dare to bear. Don't deceive me, please. I never saw another Cockroft until now—if you are really one. For to me there seems a tie between those that bear the same name, that neither interest, affection nor wealth should break. Think, perhaps in your veins and mine runs the same blood!"

The idea made me laugh, inwardly though, for there was too much earnest feeling in her looks and in the tones of her voice, for me to rudely break in with a laugh. What! I so coarse, uncouth, ugly; she so delicate and beautiful. Well, here is the iron. It makes a great coarse, strong anchor, but then out of it, too, one could fashion a lady's toy.

I, too, had lived alone and borne the name of Cockroft—not famously, to be sure, but honestly, if humbly—the only one I ever knew until now, excepting my father, blessed be his memory. And I had felt it neither strange, irksome, nor shame-worthy.

And if our names were alike, what could she want with me? Though her misery was most miserable, and her anguish unsupportable, though I might sympathize with, how could I relieve her?

"Don't deceive me!" she said again. "Is your name really Cockroft?"

"Henry!" I cried to my fireman, who was stooping down at some of his labor, and I was a little nettled, "what is my name?"

He laughed, as he raised himself to an erect position, and cried out:

"Old Veracity!"

"Pshaw!" I said, "my real name."

"Jacob Cockroft!" he exclaimed.

I turned to the lady with a rebuking air and said nothing to her, for there were evidences of

tears struggling up into her eyes. I could not tell what they betokened, gladness or sorrow.

She took hold of my great hand, and held it between hers, and looked wistfully into my face.

"I feel happy for once in my life," she said. "I feel as if I had been wandering, and at length had come home. Oh! this saves me! God is good to us, is he not? When our own motives would lead us into destruction, he stops the way and saves us. Shall I confess to you that I came here to find eternal forgetfulness! But see, I have found a friend—a near relative, perhaps, who will sympathize with me, and be my father."

She looked for a moment over the edge of the window of the engine as she spoke, just down from which yawned a jagged precipice that darted its rough perpendicular way for scores of feet down to the rugged bed of the river.

"Madam," I said, "do you need sympathy?" and it was more an exclamation than a question.

"Sympathy! Where is the creature that does not? Where one that needs it more than I? I am a wretch, a poor miserable creature, without friends, father, mother or relative."

She broke off abruptly, and asked: "Your name is really Cockroft? Where did you come from? Who was your father? Did you know mine?"

I was not prepared to go into genealogy. It was a portion of my education quite as much neglected as the rest, or as hers. And so I told her.

"Don't look at me so coldly," she said, "or my new hopes and happiness will all die out. I beg of you interpose with some excuse to save me from the doom that awaits me."

"What?" I asked.

She pointed back towards the train with a shudder of aversion.

"What can I do?" I asked again.

"Do! You will make me more insane than I am. Call me your sister, your niece, your daughter; tell them that it is an unholy thing to drag one into ties that fill her only with aversion. Tell them that by your right as a near relative, you break the bond with which I am tied. Tell them anything only to save me. Do you know I hate that old man in yonder, with a hate that would sooner direct a knife to his heart, than a kiss—bah!—to his lips?"

She spoke frantically, and her eyes fairly shone.

"And to think of yielding myself up to him!"

She shrugged her shoulders with a horror that made her whole form quiver, and covered her face with her hands, as if to shut herself out from herself. I scarcely knew what to do or say. I could not understand why she came there on the engine with me, or why, being there, because her name by chance was the same as mine, she should make me a receptacle into which her woes could be poured. What were they to me? I know now, that I was as nothing, and that she was simply using me to work herself up for the accomplishment of what she contemplated.

"No relative," she went on after a time, with now and then a sob, and as if she was communing with herself. "No relative, no friend, no mother to avert the blow. Where were they—father and mother? Had they done anything that they should hide themselves away from me, who would sooner have been with them in poverty, or even in crime, than with him with all his money. Who has given me to this wretch? Oh, miserable, miserable Gerty! cruel, cruel fate! Did you see Milton?" she asked suddenly, looking up towards me.

There must have been a decided yes in my countenance, for she went on:

"What is this one to him? Oh, my idol! my darling! Lost, lost, lost! See what Gerty suffers for you—what she will do, now that you are lost!"

I mostly feared hysterics. And it would have been so awkward, and so unexplainable in that place—for she was wringing her hands, and slowly edging herself towards the end of the seat, where one slip would have been immediate destruction. I would endeavor to calm her, I thought, stop the train, and send her back to her husband. With such good intentions, and putting as much of a fatherly tone into my voice as I knew how,

"Mistress," I said, "I think that I understand you, and my sympathies are very, very earnest. But do we not owe it to ourselves to make the best of the lot where God has placed us?"

I must have made a sad mistake in the tone or the sense, for she broke forth worse than before.

"Oh! what have I been saying? What have I been saying? I am so wretched, so utterly wretched!"

Once more I essayed my tongue, and thought to quiet her by humoring her own fancy, but again I fell into an error.

"You will lose everybody's sympathies by such displays, mistress. You are a Cockroft—so am I. Why not show the world that we can bear ills with a brave heart. We will win our own respect."

"This is no ill," she cried out desperately, "no common ill, and I don't want your sympathy. Keep it for some one else that bears our name and deserves it less than I. You talk like a man. What do you know of a woman's feelings. Can you measure diamond dust with a bushel measure? I've had enough of it, and I'll bear it no longer. My heart has been eating itself out, and I'll not have it."

She sprang to her feet as she spoke, and pushed me away from before the engine with so much force that I nearly lost my balance, speaking very rapidly as she tore off her hat and shawl:

"I have been a torment and a stumbling block to myself and all else, since the day I came into the world. It was by a mistake that I came, and a mistake I should be all my life. I see nothing but misery before me, and I have seen enough. God forgive me. Milton lost, it shall be no one!"

She rushed past me towards the engine steps, and unprepared as I was for her desperate action, I was almost too late for her. Oh! the sluggish, snail-like pen, the turgid tongue that takes ten

minutes to tell what it took ten seconds to do! And those ten seconds so full of dizzy, unreal reality.

We were thundering along at a terrible rate. I had had no opportunity to check our speed, or even to notice particularly its headlong character. For a moment the beautiful lady hung over the steps, and my own steadiness had nearly deserted me. She struggled in my arms, and tore frantically at my clothes. Her eyes were closed, her lips motionless, and a whiteness as if of death, overspread her whole face. Suddenly, and with a heavy lurch, we turned one of the many curves that twisted about the miles where we were.

It was a high, earthen embankment, and a wide, level space, with the track running straight through the centre spread out before us. Not twenty rods ahead, in murderous ignorance that the belated express was thundering down upon them, stood a long gravel train, waiting its load to be completed.

Oh! the agony of that second! A weight of guilt, of inattention to duty, piled itself upon me, and death seemed to have started up all around me. Behind me coaches crowded with the living rushing on to their destruction unwarned, and myself powerless to avert or to alarm. I lived my life all over the second time. I was a child again, playing about my mother's knee, a boy, a man, and then—so old—so old; but I only remember one sight and two sounds.

The sight was an old man's face, white as the hair that surrounded it, looking with horror at me from the door of the baggage car.

The sounds were the words, "Jump, jump, for the good Christ's sake!" from Henry, as he leaped from the engine, and as I grasped the beautiful lady in my arms, and sprang into the bank, a horrible crash and cranching, and a mingling of shrieks.

A pain shot through my breast and arm, and a darkness more terrible than midnight, shut out, for the time, light and life and sense.

VANCOUVER'S ISLAND.

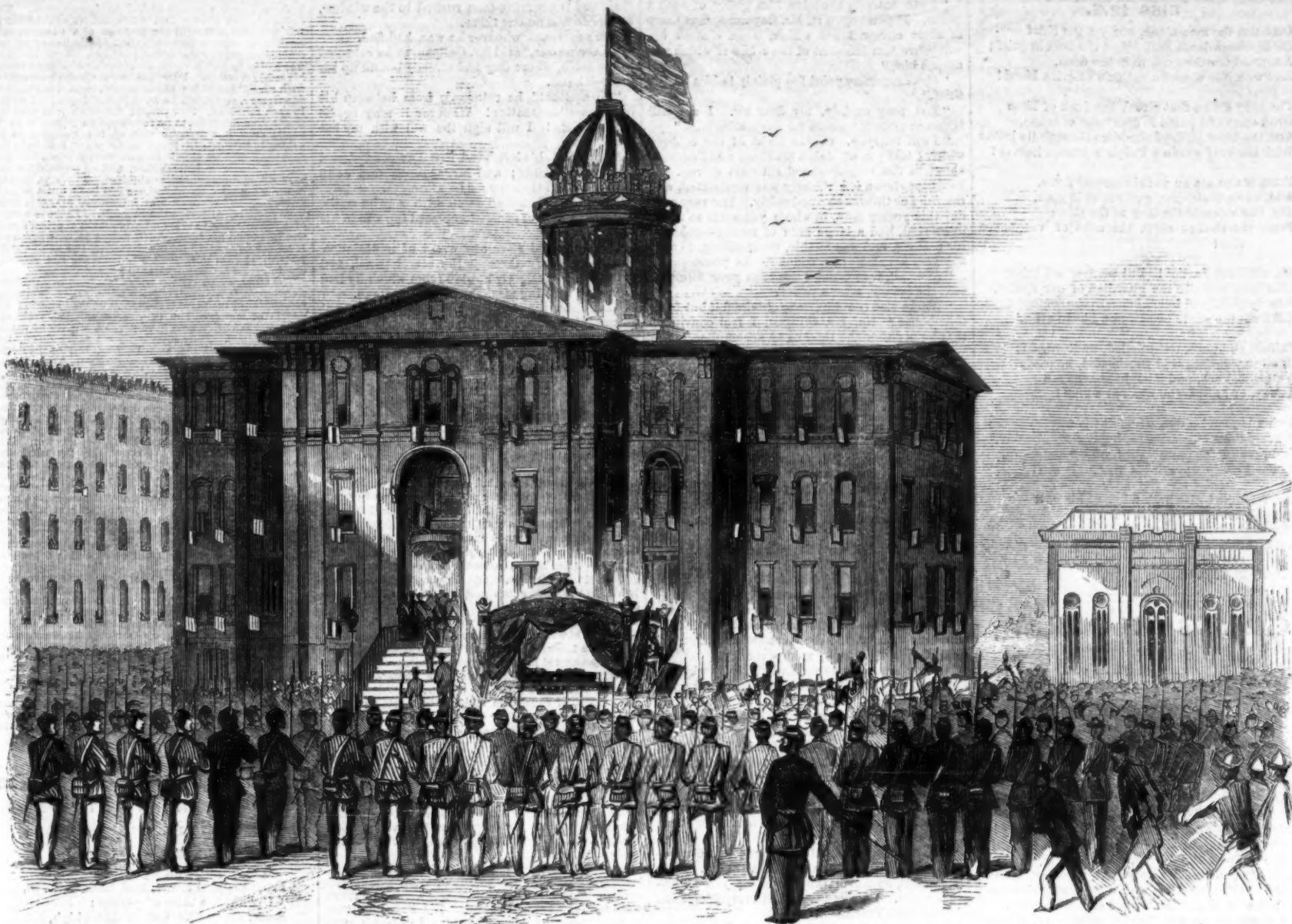
IN May last an expedition was formed to obtain better knowledge of the interior of Vancouver Island, and also with a view to the discovery of agriculture, land and minerals. Mr. Frederick Whymer, who was attached to this expedition, has published a summary of discoveries. The expedition started from Victoria on the 7th of June, and commenced its work at the Great Cowichan Lake, returning from Nanaimo on the 21st of October. They crossed the island in several directions, and made lateral deviations at numerous points, passing altogether over 1340 miles of new country, and exploring, in a tolerably complete manner, the southern half. Of this distance, nearly 600 miles were travelled on foot, more than 700 by canoe, and the remainder by raft. In the discovery of minerals the expedition met with great success, finding almost immediately valuable veins of copper, apparently inexhaustible in extent; gold was found on all bars of the Cowichan River up to three cents per pan, with indications of richer diggings; and this was followed by the discovery of very rich ironstone in large quantities. In the neighborhood of the Cowichan River they found open tracts of agricultural land, from 200 to 500 acres in extent, ready for the plough; in other districts yet larger spaces; and altogether many thousand acres. Traces of nickel and plumbago were met with; but probably the most valuable of all the discoveries was that of bituminous coal on the coast, close to deep water, and the outcropping of which showed a seam more than a foot in thickness. Many tracts were thinly wooded with scattered maple from twelve to twenty inches in diameter, and others more heavily with forests of the most magnificent spars of Douglas, hemlock and white pine, the latter, from its rarity on the coast, being of great value. Dr. Brown, the leader of the expedition, discovered an entirely new pine; and they brought down to Victoria, for carving purposes, a fine log of arbutus, which in the interior attains to considerable dimensions. To quote the words of Dr. Brown, "the spars and lumber alone, with their capabilities of being floated to the sea, would prove a certain fortune to any man with capital enough to buy an axe and a grindstone." Many edible wild fruits were found, and a large collection of interesting seeds was made. Of the larger kinds of animals, they saw and shot deer and elk, the latter being in great droves; bears, beavers and wolves were very numerous; martens and raccoons were also plentiful; grouse and wild ducks are described as being found to any extent. The number of lakes in the interior is very considerable; at one place, from Comox at Alberni, a chain of seven reach nearly across the island—the largest of these is twenty-two miles in length. On Barclay Sound two rivers yielded good prospects of gold, paying at the rate of two or three dollars per man per day, and which, if worked by the usual machinery, would yield a much larger extent. The most important of the discoveries, in its immediate effect on the colony, was the finding of gold on the Sooke and Leech rivers. This almost depopulated Victoria for a time, and, within a few weeks of being known these diggings had yielded 40,000 dollars. The Government alone receiving 2900 from the sale of licences. The gold from these rivers sold at \$20 per ounce. Towards the end the expedition experienced considerable hardships from being imperfectly supplied with provisions, and near Barclay Sound had a narrow escape from coming to grief, owing to the recent chastisements of the Indians in that part by some of our gunboats. They, however, happily escaped all accidents, and arrived in safety at Victoria, having in their discoveries surpassed their expectations.

THE MERCANTILE LIBRARY.—The efforts to establish the Mercantile Library on a more enlarged foundation promises to be entirely successful, more than \$40,000 having been pledged for that purpose. Fifteen subscriptions amount to \$1,000 each. The object of the present movement is to pay off the mortgage upon the building occupied by the library, and to apply the rentals to the purchase of books. By this plan the yearly increase of the number of books in the library—which is now about 5,000 volumes—will doubtless rise to 10,000 or 12,000 volumes. The value of this addition to all classes of the community could scarcely be over-estimated.

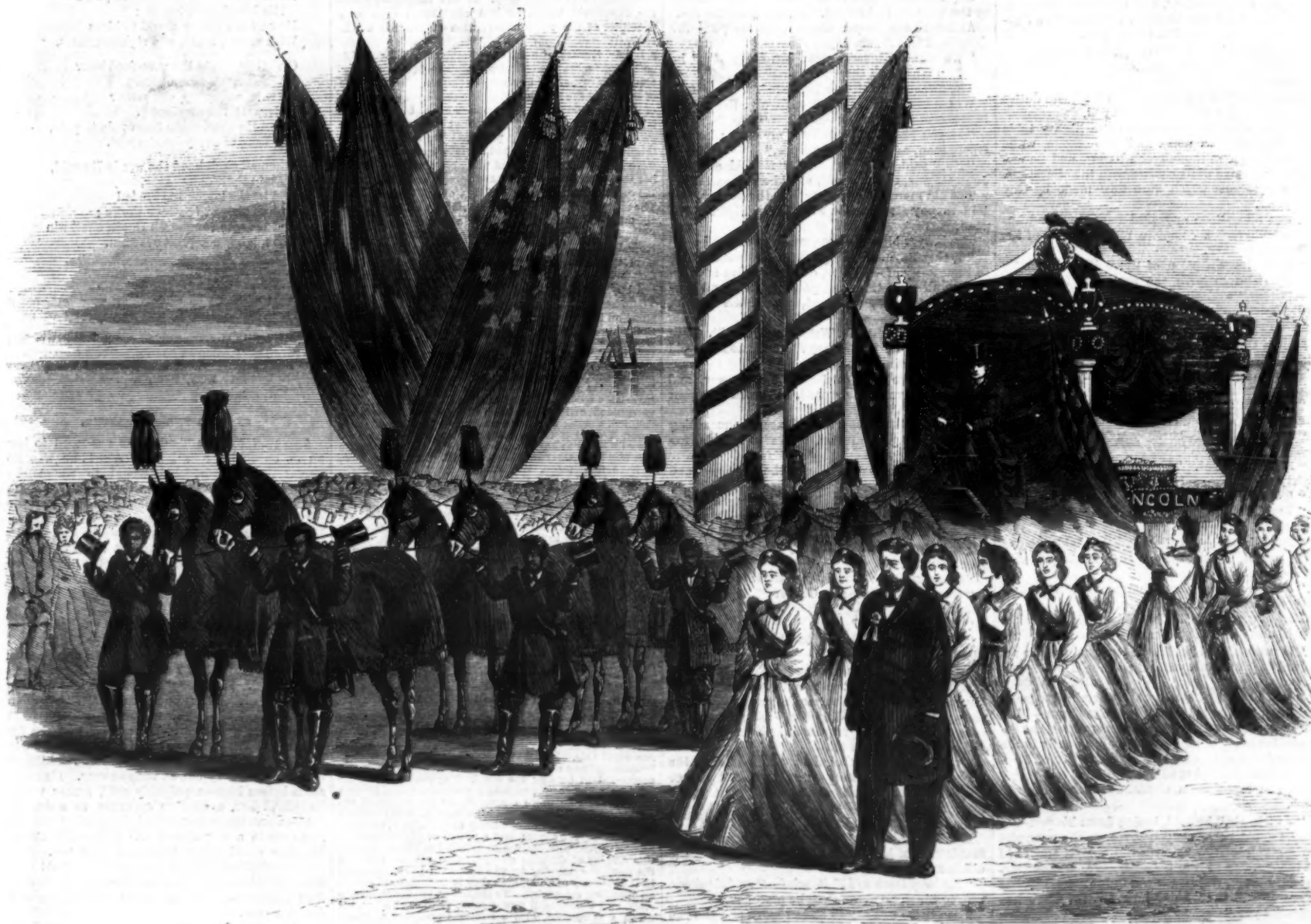
A CUNNING discovery has recently been made in attempting to repair the basement of Pompey's Pillar. A French engineer, having been appointed by the Viceroy of Egypt to direct the work, caused a few of the loose stones forming the basement to be removed. It was soon found that the pillar rested entirely on a cube of very hard quartzite pudding-stone within the basement. That cube bore an inscription in hieroglyphics, and was, in fact, the capital of a column belonging to one of the temples of Upper Egypt, conveyed hither for the express purpose of serving for the base of the column. M. Mariette has deciphered the inscription, and found the name of Sesostris II., the father of the great Sesostris, mentioned in it; so that Pompey's Pillar, now 1,500 years old, rests on the fragment of a monument erected at least 17 centuries before the Christian era. A new basement has been constructed, with a passage round the stone, so that visitors may inspect the hieroglyphics, and the whole has been raised in to protect the monument from deterioration.



FUNERAL SERVICE OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN AT CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, MAY 1—REMOVING THE COFFIN FROM THE FUNERAL TRAIN TO THE CATAFALQUE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALPHONSE



FUNERAL SERVICE OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN, AT CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, MAY 1.—RECEPTION OF THE REMAINS AT THE COURT HOUSE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALSCHULER.



FUNERAL SERVICE AT CHICAGO, MAY 1.—THIRTY-SIX YOUNG LADIES OF THE HIGH SCHOOL STREWING THE BIER WITH GARLANDS AND IMMORTELS.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, THOS. HOGAN.

DIES IRÆ.

Ox! not the man alone, nor yet the chief
He is, whose death hath robbed the land in grief;
A myriad murders centre in the deed,
And with one wound a nation's arteries bleed!

The gory stains that streak the dusk of Time
Grow faint and pallid in this noon of crime,
And the Great Record shudders through its leaves
With the vast groan a People's bosom heaves!

From sea to sea an awful murmur flows,
And, as an avalanche, gathers as it goes,
Till, like volcanic thunder to the skies,
From the shaken earth the cries of vengeance rise!

We will have Justice! But we may not bring
Him back who was the guardian of our spring,
Who watched and toiled beneath the sombre skies,
Till from the waste he saw new bloom arise.

Patient and pure, one-minded, undismayed;
Of all the wisdom God vouchsafed, he made
A steadfast use, and if his judgment ran
Astray, or halted—he was but a man!

A simple man he was, who felt his way
Bravely through darkness, hoping for the day,
And praying for more light; yet constant still,
To one great purpose with his single will!

God rest him! He hath fallen at his post
As nobly as the noblest in our host
Of martyrs laurel-crowned! And we, bereft,
Look through the gloom, and murmur—"Who is left?"

April 18, 1865.

GUY'S FOLLY;

OR,

The Secret of Thornton Heath.

BY VANE IRETON ST. JOHN.

AUTHOR OF "THE LASS OF RICHMOND HILL," "THE WORLD'S VERDICT," ETC.

CHAPTER VI.—"THERE WAS A FLASH AND A REPORT, AND THE PEN FELL, COVERED WITH BLOOD FROM THE CRUSHED HAND OF THE MISER."

GUY RAYMOND sat in his old-fashioned library in close conversation with his legal adviser.

Mr. Quilpen, the lawyer, was one of those pleasant old gentlemen who joined a perfect knowledge of their business with a large acquaintance with the world and the usages of good society.

A clever attorney and perfect gentleman, he was much sought after by all who knew him.

He was about sixty years of age, of medium height, always wore a white necktie and blue spectacles, his face was red and rosy as an apple, his nose just a tinge redder, and his closely cropped, snow-white hair was brushed off as noble a forehead as you would find in the county.

Guy Raymond looked serious and thoughtful; the subject of their conversation would naturally make him so.

He was performing one of the last solemn duties of mankind—he was making his will.

A large sheet of foolscap on the library table was covered with notes and memoranda, while an old will was in the lawyer's hands, and he was comparing some of its clauses with the alterations and suggestions which were now made by Guy Raymond.

These alterations appeared numerous and important—in fact a complete redistribution of his valuable property.

"With the exception of those little items for servants and so forth, the poor girl is to have everything," said Guy Raymond.

"Everything, sir?" exclaimed Mr. Quilpen, repeating his client's words.

Man of the world as he was, he could not understand why or how it was that a person—a poor girl, not even mentioned in the former will—should now be constituted sole heiress.

"As I say, she is to have everything," repeated the owner of Raymond Park.

"But you forget—surely you forget—your two nephews?"

"I do not forget. They both have forfeited all right to derive benefit from my death."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. One is disobedient—the other is ungrateful."

"But this girl—this Claudia Freshfield—no one knows anything about her. The will will probably be disputed."

"If such a thing should happen, it will be your duty to defend her rights."

The lawyer tapped his gold snuff-box, took a pinch, and offered it to Guy Raymond.

His professional pride was touched, and he resolved to draw out a will which should be beyond dispute.

But at the same time he was determined to make another effort on behalf of the two nephews—Walter Raymond and Ralph St. Clare, who were especial favorites of his—for being constantly in the habit of doing business with the owner of Raymond Park, he had seen much of the two young men, and loved them almost as much as his own sons.

"I wish, sir," he said, laying down his pen—"I wish I could persuade you to forego the resentful feeling you nourish towards those boys, and yield to the dictates of your better nature. Walter Raymond, I know, disobeyed you in his marriage, but I am at a loss to know how Mr. St. Clare has offended you."

"He has robbed me."

"Robbed you! Impossible!"

"Would it were impossible! But my suspicions are too well founded."

"I can scarcely conceive him guilty of such a crime. Depend upon it, Mr. Raymond, that there is some circumstance which, when cleared up, will prove him innocent of the crime of which you accuse him."

"Circumstances point too plainly to him as the thief."

"But pray explain, my dear sir. I am still ignorant of your reasons for suspecting him."

"I will tell you. On the night of the robbery which I told you of, Ralph St. Clare was lingering about in the neighborhood till past eleven. At half-past eleven the robbery was committed, and the thief or thieves escaped safely. The very next day this young man, in whom you seem so much interested, had a large sum of money—gold—in his pockets, and was unable, or unwilling, to give any very satisfactory account for its possession."

"After all, it may not have been your money," said the lawyer, after a pause.

"Where else could he have obtained it but from this house? No, Mr. Quilpen, I feel convinced that he is either the thief or an accomplice."

"But has poor Walter offended so deeply that he cannot be forgiven?"

"He has. By marrying against my expressed wishes he has forfeited his inheritance."

"But —"

"But, Mr. Quilpen, it is useless pleading for them. My mind is fixed—all my property goes to Claudia Freshfield, who will make better use of it than either of my nephews."

"I am very sorry to hear your final determination," replied the somewhat disappointed lawyer. For some time nothing more was said on either side.

Scratch, scratch went the pen across the paper, line after line, page after page.

The shades of night began to draw a nun-like veil across the face of the earth, its began to flap their thin web wings about the old house, the drone of the beetle was heard as it whirled its humming flight round the treetops, and the night wind rustled mournfully among the ivy.

The day had been warm, and the lofty windows of the library of Raymond Park were left open, shaded only by Venetian blinds.

At length the lawyer threw down his pen, the darkness was too much for his eyes.

The master of Raymond Park rang for lights.

While the order was being obeyed, the undaunted lawyer returned once more to the attack on behalf of the nephews.

"There is yet time, Mr. Raymond," he said, "to insert a clause for the benefit of each or either of your nephews."

"Mr. Quilpen, you will oblige me by not mentioning either of their names to me again. Here are candles, so finish the document you are engaged upon. I am resolved that everything shall go to Claudia Freshfield."

The lawyer obeyed in silence, and again the sound of the pen was heard.

Some other sound was heard, too—a sound like a footfall upon the gravelwalk outside the house.

Guy Raymond rose from his seat, and walking to the window, looked out. No one could he see.

At length the lawyer threw down his pen—the document was finished.

"We want witnesses now, Mr. Raymond," he said. "Who shall they be?"

The owner of the house hesitated.

Whom could he trust not to divulge the important secret till after his death?

"If you like, I will send for my clerk; he is a trusty man, and holds his tongue."

"No," said Guy Raymond, "my old servant, John Grover, and yourself, shall be witnesses."

The old man was summoned to the library, and told to pay attention to what Mr. Quilpen would read.

The lawyer blew his nose, and commenced:

"I, Guy Raymond, Esquire, of Raymond Park, in the county of —shire, do hereby give and bequeath all my estates and property, real and personal, to Claudia, my ward, now in the care of Julia Freshfield—"

"But I thought Mr. Walter and Mr. St. Clare were to have all the money?" exclaimed the old servant, in amazement.

"They have both disobeyed me, Grover, and consequently are disinherited. Proceed with your reading, Mr. Quilpen."

Several little unimportant clauses, bequeathing mourning rings and such trifles to friends, followed.

But the last clause of all was the strangest and strictest.

By it Claudia forfeited all her inheritance, which was to form the foundation of an almshouse, if she ever married Ralph St. Clare.

The lawyer looked inquiringly at Guy Raymond's face as he read it.

There were no signs of relenting there.

"Have you heard all, Grover?" inquired the master.

"Yes sir, but —"

"No buts; I want you to sign your name as witness."

After this there was a pause.

The lawyer placed the parchment before Guy Raymond, and taking the pen, he prepared to sign the will which was to dispossess his nephews for ever of their property, and establish the poor mad girl as sole heiress of all.

A sudden gust of wind almost extinguished the lamp and flattered the papers, so that the miser was compelled to lean on them to prevent their flying away.

He took the pen and again began writing.

Hardly had he placed upon the parchment the first letters of his name, when a loud voice at the window startled him.

"An iniquitous will!" it cried—"an iniquitous will, to which no name shall be placed!"

Then there was a flash and a report, and the pen fell, covered with blood, from the crushed hand of the miser.

"Heavens!" cried Mr. Quilpen, "who has done this crime?"

He and the serving-man rushed to the window, but there was no one there.

The miscreant, whoever he was, had fled.

"I see no one," said Mr. Quilpen, as he returned to the table, where Guy had already bound up his bruised hand.

"No matter!" he returned, from between his pale lips—"no matter! Whoever it may be, he has lost time! I will sign the will with my left hand!"

And so with his left hand Guy Raymond signed firmly and legibly; and Mr. Quilpen and John Grover signed their names as witnesses.

The miser dismissed them with a grim smile, and with a look of exultation placed the will in his drawer.

Then, as usual after any event of importance, he left his study through the secret panel, and entered the dazzlingly lighted room which he had visited on quitting Mrs. Freshfield's cottage.

Meanwhile the lawyer and the old servant scoured the grounds.

Their efforts, were, however, in vain; not a sign of the fugitive was to be found either in the grounds or without.

DEVILS ABROAD.

It seems to be no longer the fashion for devils to distinguish themselves by the cloven foot. Fashions change everywhere, and there is no reason why devils should be behind the rest of the world. The horned and hooved monster of our infancy has in truth almost become obsolete. In early times the Prince of Darkness was really a gentleman, with whom it was only not quite orthodox to have dealings. He gradually degenerated into the grotesque performer in popular legends. After he had retired into the background of cultivated imaginations, the quaint peculiarities ascribed to him in the fancy of the people still gave him a lease of vitality.

The devil whose nose was pulled by St. Dunstan's tongue, and at whom Luther threw his inkbottle, survived in obscure holes and corners. To the rising generation he is represented in the exclusively comic point of view. His innocuous character is marked by Burns's amiable wishes for his repentance and welfare.

We make, of course, no allusion to theological doctrines; but the devil of poetry and fiction is in danger of utter extinction. In one direction, he has been refined away to a mere empty shell, to a metaphysical abstraction without any concrete attributes; in another, he has been degraded into an old woman's story, which ceases to frighten even grown-up children. It is not, therefore, without a sense of something like satisfaction that we have witnessed some late attempts to galvanize him into temporary vitality. It would be a pity to lose sight of a character who, if not quite virtuous, was certainly amusing in his day.

Mr. Robert Montgomery depicted Satan, as we all know on Lord Macaulay's authority, as an elderly gentleman who had seen better days, and whose worst fault was a tendency to pious twaddle. But since that time he has attempted to come out in his old character. The theory that he raps on tables, and tells a variety of contemptible lies from that degrading position, is indeed little creditable to him. If he had anything to do with tying and untying the Davenport brothers, it was a misplaced effort of ingenuity. It was altogether below the reputation which he had established even as a prompter of the petty malevolence of genuine witchcraft.

Lately, it seems, he has been doing something in his earlier and more malignant style. The people of Morzine, in Savoy, a remote valley to the south of the Lake of Geneva, have for the last eight years been the victims of a series of trials like those which beset the Jansenist convulsionnaires. The first patient was a girl of ten years old, who was being prepared for her first communion, and who exhibited certain symptoms which were immediately attributed to diabolic agency. From her the infection seems to have spread until there were 120 cases of possession in a village of 2,000 inhabitants. The antics performed under this strange influence were alarming to the last degree. The afflicted persons went through extraordinary physical contortions. They turned over and over in one bound. They leapt like a steel spring suddenly released, bending backwards so that head and feet touched the ground together.

A boy of twelve ran up a pine tree eighty feet high. There he bent down the top shoot (so it is said), and stood on it head downwards, singing and gesticulating. Suddenly he came to his senses, and called for help. His elder brother cried out, "Devil, enter again into this child, that he may be able to come down again." The devil obeyed with singular good-nature, and the boy immediately ran down headforemost like a squirrel. The victims seized, who were of all ages and positions, invariably spoke of themselves in the third person and personated evil spirits. The voice of one woman exclaimed, during a religious service by a bishop, "Ah, damned carrion of a bishop, thou makest me depart. How dreadful to have to return to hell.... I must leave this fair body where I was so well off. But when I go, I have five more, and among them an old devil. It is not to-day that they will depart." As a rule, the devils professed to be the spirits of human beings, who were suffering for their sins on earth. The spirit which possessed one woman asserted that it had been damned for eating meat on a Friday. It impelled the woman to go every Friday to the Mairie and ask for bacon, which she greedily devoured whilst raw. Every attempt was made to put a stop to the plague. Physicians were sent and could do nothing. Exorcisms were tried, and as might naturally be expected, the excitement only made matters worse. The priest came and spoke to some of the women. They fell upon him and his gendarmes. The lifted strong men in their arms and pinned them against the walls. Then, with a sudden bound, they sprang through the window, one after the other, and disappeared.

It produced a fearful scene of cries, oaths, blasphemies, and fearful convulsions, and the bishop was glad to escape without actual violence against himself. At last a doctor was sent to Morzine with a despatch power, and backed by the important aid of sixty soldiers, a brigade of gendarmes and a French curé. The curé was to preach against the possibility of demoniacal possession, and the gendarmes and soldiers to put down any overt acts. By dint of exiling all afflicted people to lunatic asylums and hospitals, he seems to have finally succeeded in beating the devil. For four months no new cases have occurred, and it is expected that French laymen will be more successful in the spiritual counter than holy water and high masses. Many curious symptoms, such as insensibility to pain, preternatural senses of the senses, and a power of predicting the phases of their disease, are mentioned as characterizing this display of diabolic energy. One cannot but feel the deepest sympathy for two thousand people shut up in the recesses of an Alpine valley to be tortured by such an appalling complaint. To them it is, of course, witchcraft, and demoniacal power made visible. To be shut up in a madhouse, with a constant prospect of going mad yourself, would be scarcely more horrible. If, however, it were possible to cut oneself off from all feeling for the victims, one would almost regret that the experiment could not be continued.

It would be interesting to discover what are the causes

that predispose a person to diabolical possession. The disease is now so rare that we regard its extinction in this secluded spot with the feelings of a botanist witnessing the destruction of the last specimens of an uncommon plant in some favored habitat. When the devil was acting in all his vigor, no scientific observers traced his mode of action. Now that he has chosen to reappear with something of his old intensity, he is immediately suppressed, as though he were publishing a libel on the French Emperor. Few people, indeed, would wish the freedom of the press to be construed so liberally as to admit even the diabolic side of the question to be avowedly supported. But it would at any rate have the advantage that we should be able to appreciate the diabolic character a little better, and to account for the very singular propensities exhibited. The facts, indeed, of the Morzine demoniacs have not been quite settled. Delusions, and more or less intentional exaggerations, have probably distorted the account. There is a story of a pig refusing to cross a bridge until a priest's stole was laid upon his back, which seems to us suspicious. If he has any regard for his character, the devil should keep out of pigs; the most intelligent pig can scarcely obtain credit for distinguishing priests' stoles.

The strange phenomena which we have noticed have a curious bearing upon another topic. The prevailing scepticism of the period, though it has not affected the people of Morzine, has of course affected their observers. Scientific men have given a variety of names to the demons. They summarily set them down, not as Abaddon, Annimaton, and Lucifer, but as hysteria, epilepsy, mania, and gastric disturbance. These names sound very pretty, but they do not seem to throw much light upon the subject. It is quite clear that it is impossible to classify the causes of the mental disturbance under any of the recognised heads. Thus, to say that it is due to gastric disturbance is to say simply nothing, because, as far as has been observed, the stomachs of the patients were in remarkably good order. It is merely a roundabout way of concealing profound and utter ignorance. Perhaps, until a better theory has been discovered, it would be as well to leave the name of Demons to the occult cause. It does not mean very much, and it serves as well as any other to denote a mysterious agency of which we know nothing at all. Demons are now supposed to do a variety of very small tricks. They make arm-chairs prance, they usurp the place of conjurers, and they are evidently not above contributing to the smallest and most childish kind of amusement. It seems rather hard that when they do so little, and that little is so harmless, their personality should be denied in a way to touch the heart of an old-fashioned theologian. They might be allowed to drag out the small remainder of their days, and to have the credit of such a windfall as that at Morzine. For, after all, if the villagers had been so far enlightened as not to believe in their existence, they would probably have found some other pig upon which to hang the explanation of their strange disease. They did not go mad, because they believed in the devil, but they found the popular conception of the devil a convenient means of accounting for their insane freaks. It is impossible not to observe, in the process by which this was effected, an illustration of some of the legendary miracles of the middle ages.

"THOU HAST PUT ALL THINGS UNDER HIS FEET."

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

O North, with all thy vales of green,
O South, with all thy palm-trees,
From peopled towns, and fields between,
Uplight the voice of psalms;
Raise, ancient East, the anthem high,
And let the youthful West reply.

Lo! in the clouds of heaven appears
God's well-beloved Son;
He brings a train of brighter years—
His kingdom is begun;
He comes a guilty world to bless
With mercy, truth, and righteousness.

O Father, haste the promised hour
When at his feet shall lie
All rule, authority and power
Beneath the ample sky.
When He shall reign from pole to pole,
The Lord of every human soul.

When all shall heed the words He said,
Amid their daily cares,
And by the loving life He led
Shall strive to pattern theirs;
And He who conquered Death shall win
The mighty conquest over Sin.

ONLY A CLOUD.

BY M. E. BRADDOCK.

AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "ELEANOR'S VICTORY," "AURORA FLOYD," "JOHN MARCHMONT'S LEGACY," "THE DOCTOR'S WIFE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.—CONTINUED.

AND now Francis Tredethlyn appeared to her all at once in a new light. Alas! he was no longer the noble-hearted friend to whom she could appeal for help in the day of trouble. He was no longer the humble adorer, kneeling on the lowest step of the altar, remote and submissive. He was her affianced husband, and he had a right to her society. He had a right to attend her in her walks and rides, to linger near the piano when she sang, to hold perpetual skeins of Berlin wool during those tedious morning visits which he made now and again to the Cedars. All these privileges were his by right; and other people gave place when he approached Miss Hillary, and watched to see her face brighten as he drew near her. It was not that Francis himself was in any way altered. His adoration of his bright divinity was no less humble than of old—even now when he knew that the goddess was to descend from her pedestal and exchange her starry crown for the orange blossoms of an earthly bride. He was in no way changed; the distance between himself and Maude Hillary was as wide as ever. He could see it before him—a palpable gulf, across which he beheld her, a strange creature, in a strange land—a creature who might hold out her hand to him once in a way across the impassable abyss, but who could never draw him near her. Alas for Francis Tredethlyn's loveless betrothal! that dreary distance was growing wider every day now that Iphigenia knew the hour of sacrifice was drawing near.

It had been one thing to think of Mr. Tredethlyn as a friend—a dear and devoted friend, worthy to be regarded with an almost sisterly affection. It was another thing to contemplate him as a

future husband. All his ignorance, his homely ways of speaking and thinking, his little awkwardness and stolidity, his vacillating temperament in the matter of spoons and forks at those elaborate Russian dinners—all these things pained Maude Hillary now as cruelly as they had galled Miss Desmond's proud spirit some six months before. And then to the faint shivering pain of disgust was joined all the bitterness of contrast. Never had Harcourt Lowther's image seemed so near to this wayward girl as it seemed now, when she was the promised wife of another man, and tried most honestly to shut the memory of her old lover completely out of her mind. Never had he been so near to her. His graces of manner, his accomplishments, the light touch of his pointed fingers on the piano, the deep organ tone that he alone amongst amateurs could draw out of a flute, the free outlines of his pencil, the transparency of his water-color sketches, the graphic humor of his pen-and-ink caricatures; the airy wit, which never verged upon the borders of vulgarity; the fervid eloquence, which never degenerated into rant; the trenchant satire, which never sank to the vile level of personal spite; she thought of her discarded lover; and all the showy attributes that had won her girlish love arose before her in cruel contrast with the deficiencies of Francis Tredethlyn.

Yet all this time she was very kind to her betrothed husband. It was not in her to be scornfully indifferent to the man whom she regarded as her father's friend and benefactor. She was not a woman to sacrifice herself with an ill grace. The silent warfare went on within her breast. She struggled and suffered, but she had always the same kind, cold smile, the same gentle words for the man whom she had promised to marry.

And in the meantime the hands went steadily round upon all the clock dials, and the inevitable hour drew very near. Busy milliners and dress-makers, bootmakers and outfitters, came backwards and forwards from Wigmore street to the Cedars, and were busy and glad. Mr. Hillary's credit was unlimited, and it was almost as if a princess of the blood royal had been about to marry. Francis Tredethlyn bought the lease of a big, black-looking house in a new neighborhood near Hyde Park; and there were negotiations pending for the purchase of an estate within a few miles of Windsor.

August was melting into September. Already there were bright glimpses of red and yellow here and there among the sombre green of the woodlands. The wedding was to take place very early in October; the guests were bidden, the dresses of the bridesmaids were chosen, and in the still evening Iphigonia walked alone on the terrace. She was very seldom alone at this hour, but to-night her father had taken Francis Tredethlyn to a club dinner, given by a bachelor stockbroker of some eminence in Mr. Hillary's circle. To-night Maude was alone; and leaning upon the broad balustrade, with her elbow resting amongst the thick ivy that crept along the stone, she looked down at the still water—the dark, melancholy water—and thought of her past life.

It seemed so far away from her now, left so entirely behind, all that frivolous past. She seemed to have grown out of herself since the knowledge of her father's troubles had come upon her; and looking backwards she saw a careless and happy creature, who bore no relationship to this thoughtful woman, before whom all the future seemed a blank and dreary country, unilluminated by one glimpse of sunshine.

She turned away from the water presently, and walked slowly up and down the long terrace. There seemed to be a melancholy influence in the evening stillness, the dusky shadow lying upon every object, the distant peal of bells floating across the river from some church where the ringers were practising; even the voices of passing boatmen and the low monotonous plash of oars took a pensive tone, in unison with the hour and Maude Hillary's sad, remorseful thoughts.

She was near the end of the terrace, close to that ivy-grown old summerhouse which had sheltered the patched and powdered beauties of King George II.'s Court, when she was startled by the sound of a chain grating against stonework, and rapid steps on the flight of stairs leading from the terrace to the river. The young men who came to the Cedars were very fond of making the journey by water, so there was nothing strange in the sound of a step on the river stair. Maude turned to meet the intruder with a sense of weariness and vexation. He would not be likely to stay long, whoever he was; but the prospect of even ten minutes' idle conventional discourse jarred upon her present frame of mind.

She turned to meet the unwelcome visitor with a languid sigh, and saw a man hurrying towards her in the twilight—a man in whose figure and dress there was a careless grace, an indefinable air of distinction, which, in Maude Hillary's eyes, stamped him as different from all the rest of the world.

He came hurrying towards her. In a moment he was close to her, holding out his arms, eager to take her to his breast. But she recoiled from him, deadly white, and with her hands extended, motioning him back.

"Don't touch me," she cried; "don't come near me. Ah, you don't know—you cannot have had my letter."

"What letter?" cried Mr. Lowther, staring almost fiercely at the shrinking girl. These sort of things so rapidly make themselves understood. Harcourt Lowther saw at once that something was wrong. "What letter?"

"My last; the letter in which I told you that—Ah, how you will hate and despise me! But if you could know all, Harcourt, as you never can, you might excuse—you might forgive—"

A torrent of sobs broke the sentence.

"Oh, I think I understand," said Harcourt Lowther, very quietly. "You have thrown me over, Miss Hillary."

She held out her clasped hands towards him with an imploring gesture; and then, in broken sentences, in half-finished phrases, that were rendered incoherent by her sobs, she recapitulated something of her letter of explanation. Mr. Lowther's face had blanched before this, and his lower lip quivered now and then with a little spasmodic action, but he listened very quietly to all Maude had to say.

"I ought never to have expected anything else," he answered, when she had finished her piteous attempt to explain and justify her conduct without revealing her father's commercial secrets. "I don't know that I ever did expect anything else," he went on, very deliberately. "What has a penniless younger son to do among the children of Mammon? How can the earthen pot hope to sail down the stream with the big brazen vessels and escape wreck and ruin? Don't let there be any scene between us, Miss Hillary; I hate all domestic tragedy, and I think if my heart were breaking—and men's hearts have been known to break—I could take things quietly. You have grown tired of our long and apparently hopeless engagement, and you have promised to marry somebody else. It is all perfectly natural. May I know the name of my fortunate rival?"

"His name is Tredethlyn—Francis Tredethlyn." "A Cornishman," added Harcourt Lowther—"a fellow who has lately come into a great fortune?"

"Yes. You know him then?" "Intimately. I congratulate you on your choice, Miss Hillary. Francis Tredethlyn is a most excellent fellow. I have reason to speak well of him, for he was my servant for a year and a half out yonder in Van Diemen's Land."

"Your servant?" "Yes. He was really the best of fellows; and in the art of brushing a coat or cleaning a pair of riding-boots positively unrivalled."

CHAPTER XXII.—TAKING IT QUIETLY.

"If you could know all, Harcourt, as you never can, you might excuse—you might forgive—"

Harcourt Lowther, very quick of apprehension always, especially so where his own interests were concerned, had taken careful note of those broken sentences uttered by Maude Hillary, and, rowing Londonwards in the summer darkness, pondered on them long and deliberately, only arousing himself now and then from his sombre reverie, in order to express his profound contempt for some amateur waterman, who was just saved from a foul by the superior skill of the young officer.

What did it mean? That was the question which Mr. Lowther set himself to answer.

"It means something more than the caprice of a shallow-hearted jilt," he thought, as he rested on his oars and lighted his cigar. "How pale she grew at sight of me! That white, agonized look in her face was real despair. 'If I could know all,' she said. All what? There's a mystery somewhere. Maude Hillary is the last woman in the world to throw over a poor lover for the sake of a rich one. The sentimental girl, who was ready to keep her engagement with me at the sacrifice of her father's fortune, would scarcely marry a clownish rustic for the sake of his thirty thousand a-year. Besides, these heiresses, who have never known what it is to have a wish denied them, are the most romantic creatures in creation, and cherish sublimely absurd ideas upon the sordid dress question. No, I cannot think that Maude would be influenced by any mercenary considerations—and yet how else—"

The villas and villages on the river banks flitted past him like phantom habitations in the dim light. The flat shores of Battersea, the dingy roofs and chimneys of crowded Chelsea and manufacturing Lambeth, the bridges and barges, the low-lying prison, lurking, like some crouching beast, upon the swampy ground, shifted by as the oars dipped in the quiet water, while Harcourt Lowther's light wherry sped homeward with the tide. But all the length of his water journey he could find no satisfactory answer to that question about Maude Hillary; and when he relinquished his boat to its rightful owner at a certain landing-place in Westminster, he was still undecided as to the meaning of those broken phrases which had dropped from the lips of the merchant's daughter in the first moment of surprise and emotion.

"I dare say it is only the old story after all," he thought, as he walked towards the Strand, in the purlieus of which he had taken up his quarters. "Lionel Hillary, being as rich as Croesus, is determined that no poor man shall profit by his daughter's fortune. Water runs to the river, and Maude's dowry will go to swell that old Cornish miser's savings. It's only my usual luck. I am engaged to a beautiful woman with a hundred thousand or so for a fortune, and I find a victorious rival in the man who cleans my boots."

But Mr. Lowther had not settled the question even yet. Lying awake and feverishly restless in his lodging in Norfolk street, Miss Hillary's pale face was still before him, the sound of her imploring tones was perpetually in his ear.

"If I knew all, I might forgive—I might excuse! There must have been some meaning in those words, some secret involved in them. Surely, if her father had forced this marriage upon her, after the manner of some tyrannical old parent in a stage play—surely, if that had been the case, she would have candidly told me the truth—she would have pleaded the best excuse a woman can have. There must be some secret reason for this marriage, and I must be a consummate fool if I fall in getting to the bottom of the mystery."

Mr. Lowther breakfasted early the next morning, and dressed himself with his accustomed neatness before going out. He had no body-servant now whom he could badger and worry when the world went ill with him, or that individual would most assuredly have paid the penalty of Miss Hillary's broken faith. Harcourt Lowther, the younger son, was too poor to keep or pay a

valet. He had grown weary of waiting for promotion in the army, as he had sickened of hoping for advancement at the bar, and sold his commission. The world was all before him now, as it had been seven years ago, when he had first looked about him for a profession. The world was all before him, and his one chance of fortune, the possibility of a marriage with Maude Hillary, seemed entirely lost to him. It was scarcely strange if his spirits sank before the dismal blankness of the prospect which he contemplated that morning, as he loitered over his breakfast of London eggs and lodging-house toast and coffee.

He went out a little after twelve o'clock, hailed the first prowling hansom he encountered in the Strand, and ordered the man to drive to a certain street in the city, sacred to the stockbroking and money-making interests. Here he alighted, dismissed the cab, turned into a narrow court, still more entirely sacred to stockbroking, and entered a little office, where there was a desk, two or three horsehair chairs, a great many bills hanging against the wall, all relating to the stockbroking interests, and a six foot screen of wooden paneling, dividing the small outer office from a larger inner office.

Mr. Lowther walked straight to this screen, and, standing on tiptoe, looked over into the second office.

A gentleman with sandy whiskers, a light overcoat, and a white hat, was standing at a desk, and jotting some pencil memoranda upon the margins of a file of documents, which he was turning over with a certain rapidity and precision of touch peculiar to a man of business.

"Can you spare a quarter of an hour of your valuable time from the calculation of last year's prices for the Fiji Island Grand Junction Stock, in order to devote it to the claims of friendship?" asked Mr. Lowther.

The clerks smiled as they looked up from their desks; and the gentleman in the white hat dropped his pencil and ran to a little wooden door in the partition, over which Harcourt Lowther's hat made itself visible.

"My dear Lowther," he exclaimed, presenting himself in the smaller office, and stretching out both his hands towards the intruder, "this is a surprise; I thought you were at the Antipodes."

"Yes, that's the way of the world," answered Mr. Lowther, rather peevishly; "a man is banished to some outlandish hole at the remotest end of the universe, ergo, he's never to return to the civilized half of the globe."

"But it seems only yesterday when—"

"And that's another cruel thing a man's friends say to him when he does turn up in the civilized hemisphere," interrupted Mr. Lowther. "'It seems only yesterday when you left us,' that is to say, life has been so pleasant and rapid for us, amidst all the gaieties and luxuries and successes of the most wonderful city of the world, that we are utterly unable to believe in the dreary months and years that you've had to drag out, poor devil, in your hole at the other side of the line. That's what a fellow's friends mean when they talk their confounded humbug about its only seeming yesterday."

Harcourt Lowther's city friend was not the most brilliant or original of men when you took him away from the stockbroking interests. He stared blankly during Mr. Lowther's discontented remarks upon the selfishness of mankind.

"Haw! that's good. Meant no offence by allusion to yesterday; only meant that I was jolly glad to see you, you know, and so on. But you see, a fellow turning up in the city when you've been given to understand that he's in Van Diemen's Land is rather a surprise, you know. Can I do anything for you? I'll tell you what, old fellow, I can put you up to a good thing in the Etruscan Loan—panic prices, nine per cent., and certain to turn up trumps in the long run."

Mr. Lowther smiled bitterly.

"Do you suppose I've any money to invest; or that if I had money, I'm the sort of man to sink the glorious principal for the sake of some miserable dribblings in the way of interest? No, my dear Wilderson, you can do me a good turn, but it's quite in another direction. Just step this way."

He had his hand upon the buttonhole of his friend's light overcoat, and led him to the door leading into the court. Here, safely out of the hearing of the clerks at work in the inner office, Mr. Lowther lowered his voice to a confidential tone.

"Wilderson," he said, "I think you know Lionel Hillary, the Australian merchant?"

"Hillary & Co.?" exclaimed Mr. Wilderson—"I should flatter myself I did."

"I want you to tell me all about him—how he stands—how he has stood for some time past; in short, all you know about him."

The stockbroker pulled his hazy-colored whiskers thoughtfully, and shook his head.

"These sort of things are rather difficult to know," he said; "but a man may have his thoughts about 'em?"

"And what are your thoughts? Hang it, man, speak out. You talked just now of being ready to serve me. You can serve me in this matter, if you choose."

Mr. Wilderson shrugged his shoulders, and again pulled his whiskers in a reflective mood.

"Dear boy," he said presently, "come out into the court."

Evidently in Mr. Wilderson's mind the court was as some primeval forest, wherein no listener's ear could penetrate.

Out in the court the stockbroker hitched his arm through that of Harcourt Lowther, and began to discourse upon Lionel Hillary, or Hillary & Co., as Mr. Wilderson preferred to designate him. He said a great deal in a low, confidential voice, and Harcourt Lowther's lower jaw fell a little as he listened. One thing was made clear to the ex-officer, and that was, that Lionel Hillary's affairs had been hinted at by the knowing ones as rather shaky; that there had been even whispers

of that awful word, "suspension;" but that, somehow or other, Hillary & Co. had contrived to right themselves; and that it was supposed by the aforesaid knowing ones that the Australian merchant had found a wealthy backer.

"There's fresh blood been let into his business, you may rely upon it, dear boy," said Mr. Wilderson. "I know that he was in a queer street last Christmas. Bills referred to drawer, and that sort of thing. The bankers were beginning to get shy of his paper. I held a little of it myself, and a deuced deal of trouble I had to plant it."

This and much more to hear did Harcourt Lowther seriously incline. Then he asked Mr. Wilderson to dine with him at a certain noted establishment in the Strand, and left the court, very grave of aspect, and slow of step.

"So my lovely Maude is not a millionaire's daughter after all," he thought. "And my friend Hillary has been dipping his capacious paw into Francis Tredethlyn's purse. I ought to have known that half these reputed rich men are as rotten as a pear. So this is the explanation of my simple Maude's heroics. Poor little girl, she has been the pretty fly with which that accomplished angler, Mr. Hillary, has whipped the stream for his big gudgeon! Any little card I may have arranged to play for myself has been very neatly taken out of my hands; and I find my friend provided with a needy father-in-law and an extravagant wife. However, I dare say there's some small part left for me to play; and perhaps the best thing I can do is to take it quietly."

Harcourt Lowther's servant!

The man to whom Maude Hillary was now engaged had once been the valet of her discarded lover. This could scarcely be a pleasant thought to any young lady early imbued with all the ordinary prejudices of society. Miss Hillary was not a strong-minded woman; she could not console herself with a neat aphorism from Burns to the effect that "a man's a man for a' that;" and to her Harcourt Lowther's revelation seemed cruelly humiliating. She had heard of young women in her own position marrying grocers, or perhaps even footmen, for love, and she had shuddered at the very idea of their iniquity. But was it not quite as degrading to marry a valet for money as to elope with a groom for love?

"He blacked Harcourt's boots!" thought poor Maude; and it is impossible to describe the utter despair expressed in that brief sentence. She met her lover with a very pale face the next day, and seating herself in his accustomed place by her embroidery frame, Francis Tredethlyn saw that there was something wrong. Alas! poor Francis, he had already learned to watch every change upon that beautiful face; already, before the marriage vows had been spoken, all the miserable tortures of doubt had begun to prey upon his devoted heart. She had promised to marry him, but she had not promised to love him. He remembered that. She had given herself to him in payment of her father's debt. She had sacrificed herself in accordance with the loyal instincts of her noble nature. Francis, generous and loyal himself, could understand this, much better than it was understood by Lionel Hillary, for whose sake the sacrifice was made.

There were times when the young man reproached himself for his selfishness in accepting the supreme desire of his soul. Ought he not rather to have wrestled with himself and let this bright young creature go. But there were other times when Francis Tredethlyn suffered himself to be beguiled by delicious hopes. Had not true and honest love sometimes triumphed over circumstance? Might not the day come when Maude Hillary would be able to return his affection, to reward his patience?

"I can afford to be so patient," he thought, "for it will be such happiness to be her slave?" To-day, watching her pale face in pensive contemplation, Francis puzzled himself vainly to guess what was amiss with his promised wife. It was not only that she was paler than usual—and the brightness of her color had faded very much of late—but to-day there was a shade of coldness in her manner which was quite new to her affianced husband and which sent a chill to his heart, always ready to sink under some vague apprehension where Maude Hillary was concerned. We hold these supreme joys of life by so slender a thread, that half our delight in them is poisoned by the dread of their possible loss.

"Maude," he said by-and-by, after a few commonplace phrases, and after he had watched her for some minutes in silence, "I am sure there is something amiss with you to-day. You are ill—you—"

"Oh no, not ill. Only a little worried!"

"Worried—but about what?"

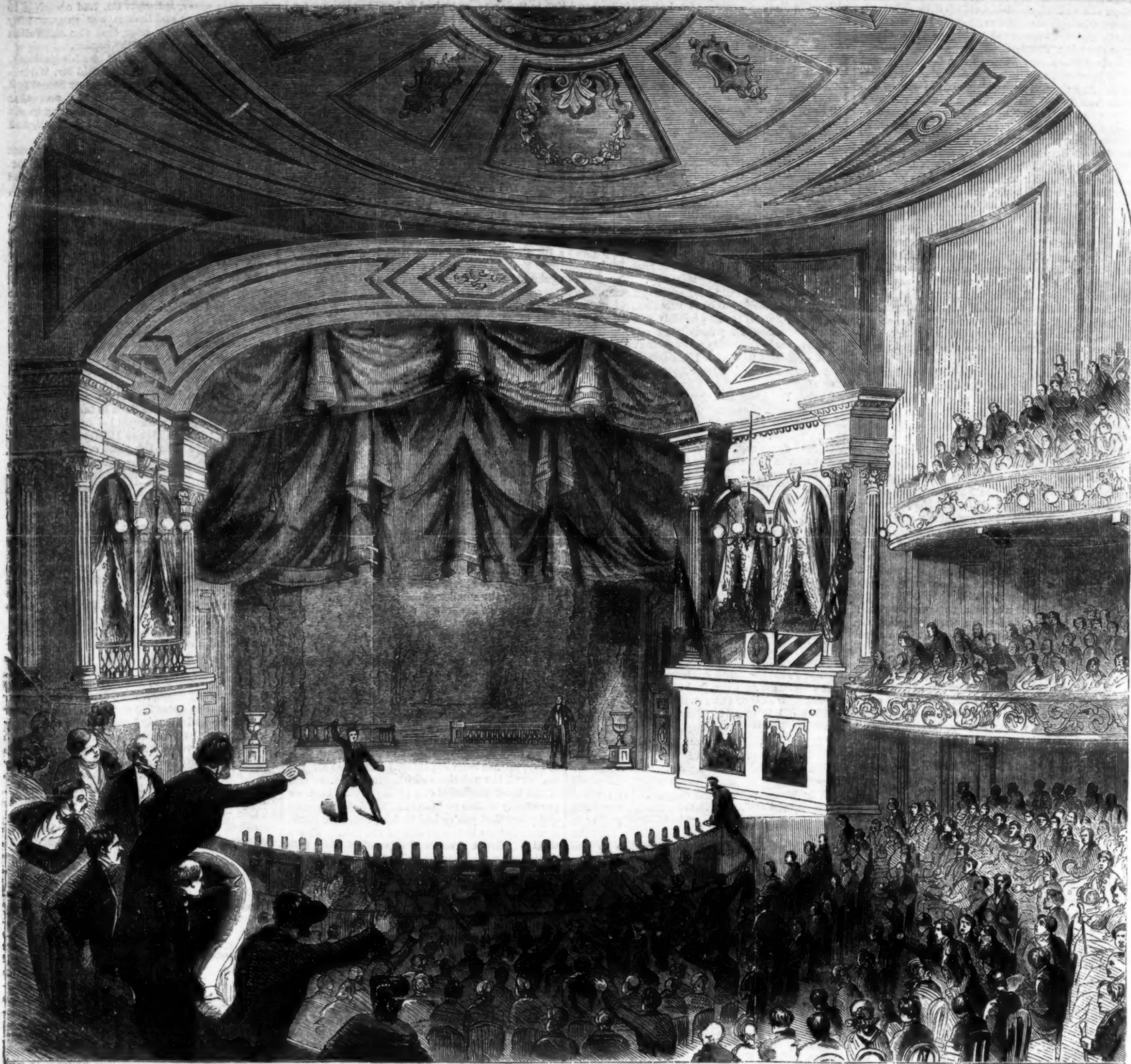
"I heard something about you last night, Mr. Tredethlyn," said Miss Hillary—it was the first time she had called him Mr. Tredethlyn since their engagement—"something which you never told me yourself. Mr. Lowther—a friend of papa's, who has just come home from Van Diemen's Land, told me—that you had been—"

"His servant! Yes, Maude, it is quite true. I was a soldier, and I was obliged to obey orders. I was ordered to attend upon Ensign Lowther, and I did my best to serve him well. When I enlisted in her Majesty's service I had all sorts of foolish fancies about fighting and glory, but they all dwindled down to the usual routine. No fighting, no glory, no desperate attacks upon Indian fortresses, no scaling walls to plant the British flag upon the enemies' ramparts; but any amount of drill and hard work, and a discontented fine gentleman to wait upon."

A flood of crimson rushed into Maude's face as Francis said this; but the young man's head was drooping over the embroidery frame, and he was trifling mechanically with the loose Berlin wool lying on Miss Hillary's canvas.

"I am afraid you think it a kind of degradation to you, that I should have been a servant, Maude—"

—he said presently.



MURDER OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN—THE ASSASSIN RETREATING ACROSS THE STAGE AND MR. STEWART CLIMBING UPON IT TO PURSUE HIM.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, A. BERGHAUS.

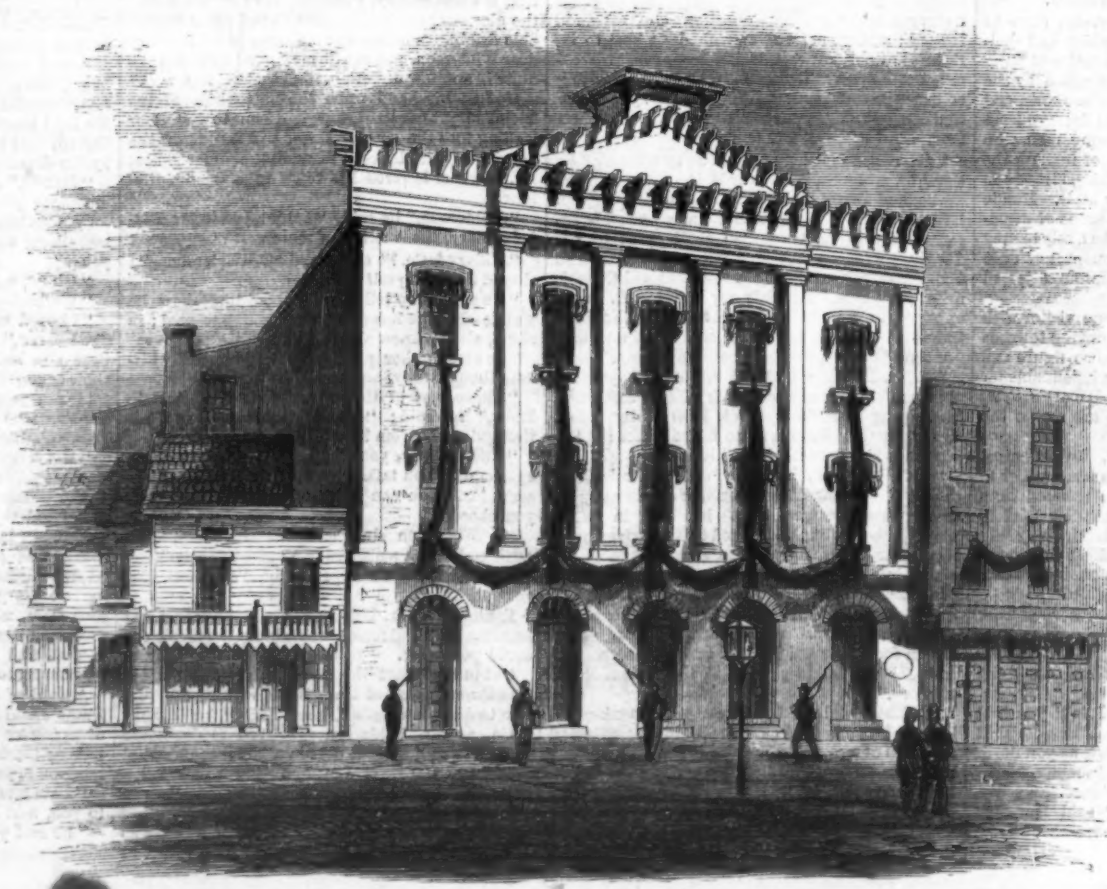
PEMMICAN.

In the narratives of Henry, Hearne, Carver, Ross and Parry, and in the North and Northwest, we read constantly of *Pemmican* as the principal article of food. Our readers will not be sorry to learn what this article was:

"Pemmican may be described as animal muscular fibre, either sun or kiln-dried, then ground to a powder and intimately mingled with animal fat. From a consideration of the nature of this material, it will be seen to comprise all the available elements of animal food: nitrogenous material for blood and flesh formation; adipose material for ministering to the respiratory function, and thus liberating animal heat.

"Baron Liebig, too, during the past seven or eight years, has been assiduously turning his profound chemical knowledge to account in a way that can hardly fail to make the South American animal food resources available, to an extent even greater than could be accomplished by any previously known mode of preparation. Some years ago the great German chemist published the fact that the most efficient means of extracting the nutriment from animal fibre consisted in treating it with hydrochloric acid, and thus producing an essence.

"His first experiments were suggested through a domestic circumstance—an illness in his own family and the results were found so beneficial, so satisfactory in every way that the essence of meat has now been incorporated amongst the accredited medical agents of the Royal Bavarian pharmacopoeia and, we believe, of certain other German pharmacopoeias; though this is a point on which we cannot pronounce with certainty.



REAR-VIEW OF FORD'S THEATRE, WASHINGTON, D. C., AFTER THE MURDER.—FROM A SKETCH BY A. BERGHAUS.

"The nutritive power of this meat essence, according to French as well as German accounts which have reached us, is extraordinary. It may be that considerations of pleasure from eating would interpose a bar to the general employment of any concentrated meat essence, a teaspoonful of which possesses, according to testimony, as much nutritive virtue as a good beefsteak; but considered as an adjunct to military equipment and hospitals, the virtues of this new concentration are hardly to be overrated. A French military surgeon testifies that a single glassful of a mixture of this essence with wine, administered to a soldier wounded upon the field of battle, exercises an influence which may well be called magical; and when the point is remembered that solid viands could not be swallowed by one thus circumstanced, even were they procurable, the value of Liebig's meat essence may be readily inferred. We stated that the liquid in question has been introduced into the Bavarian pharmacopoeia. It is sold in Bavarian apothecaries' shops at the seemingly high rate of two shillings the ounce, having been prepared hitherto in Germany, exclusively from home-bred cattle. Notwithstanding the high price of it, however, Liebig states that the Bavarians have discovered the economy of using it; and that they now constantly purchase it at the apothecaries' without a prescription, thus demonstrating that they obtain it in deference to their own convictions of its intrinsic utility.

There are 300,000 houses in London, England, which, if set in a row, would reach across France and over the Pyrenees.



FEEDING THE NEEDY POPULACE OF CHARLESTON, S. C.—THE CROWD, AT NO. 5 HAYNE STREET, GETTING "FOOD TICKETS" AND SUPPLIES.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. CRANE.

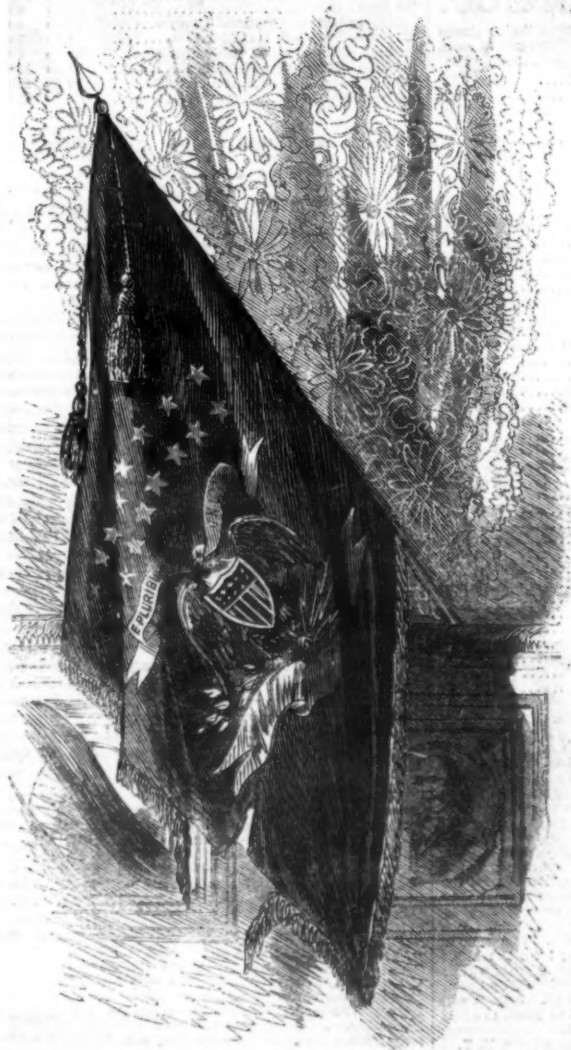
RUINS OF THE SOUTH-SIDE RAIL-ROAD DEPOT, PETERSBURG, VA.

THE depot and other buildings fired by the rebels stood on the right bank of the Appomattox and faced the river. After our forces took possession the gauge of the road was narrowed so as to admit of the

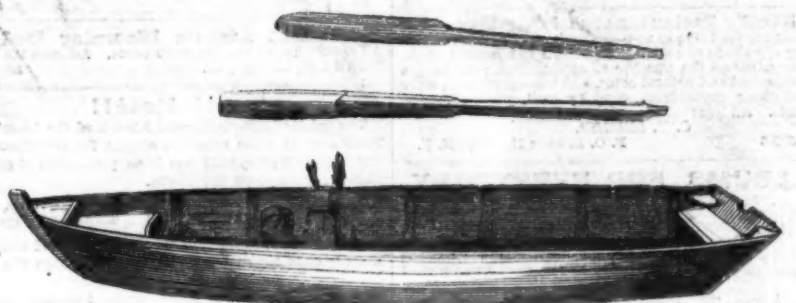
passage of our trains from City Point to Burkesville, at which latter point the army were there detained.

FEEDING THE NEEDY POPULACE AT CHARLESTON.

There is nothing that will mix a crowd so thoroughly as hunger. In Mr. Crane's Charleston sketch we see the memorable sable paster and patriarch next to the somewhat weedy Southern belles. The hale "bummer" who has escaped the draft, or who deserting, has stolen to his home, shoulders away the crippled victim of a mad, civil war. The child of slavery puts in a plea by the side of the impoverished aristocrat. And all are equally and freely served by the benevolent power which no sooner



FLAG IN FRONT OF THE PRESIDENT'S BOX AT FORD'S THEATRE, WASHINGTON, TORN BY THE ASSASSIN AS HE LEAPED DOWN TO THE STAGE.—SKETCHED BY A HERSHAUM.



BOAT FOR WHICH BOOTH PAID \$300, AND IN WHICH HE ESCAPED ACROSS THE POTOMAC. SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. CRANE.



VIEW LOOKING DOWN THE SOUTH SIDE RAILROAD, PETERSBURG, VA., SHOWING THE DEPOT, AND TRAINS OF CARS FROM CITY POINT DELIVERING SUPPLIES FOR GRANT'S ARMY.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. CRANE.

enforces its authority in any misguided rebellion city that it conceals the sword and clothes itself in the winning attributes of mercy.

President Lincoln.—His Portrait, with Comments on his Life and Death, in the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. Also, "Signs of Character," embracing Causality, Cautiousness, Cheerfulness, Chirpiness, Climate, Color; portraits of Rubens, Paul Delaroche, Madame de Staël and Benjamin West; Notes of Idiots. PORTRAITS OF THE PEOPLE: Hon. George Brown, Carter and Galt, of Canada; Beal and Kennedy, Rebel Spies; Laura C. Redden.

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Fine Silverware; Elegant Vest, Curb, Neck, Fob and Chatelaine Chains; Patent Hinge and Oval Band Bracelets, Unique Sets of Ladies' Jewellery, Lockets, Charms, Heavy Seal Rings, Bronze Statues, Magic Brooches, Diamonds, Rubies, Emeralds, Pearls and Opals set in Pins, Rings, Charms, &c.; English Silver Crest Stands, Butter Cooler, Dinner and Tea Services, Sewing Machines, &c., &c., valued at

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3,000 Gold Oval Band Bracelets.....5 to 10
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7,000 Solitaire and Revolving Brooches.....5 to 10
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5,000 Plain Gold Rings.....4 to 10
5,000 Chained Gold Rings.....4 to 10
10,000 Shield and Signet Rings.....3 to 10
10,000 California and Diamond Rings.....5 to 10
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5,000 Sets Ladies' Jewellery, Onyx.....10 to 15
5,000 Sets Ladies' Jewellery, Lava.....12 to 20
2,500 Sets Ladies' Jewellery, Mosaic.....20 to 30
10,000 Gold Pens, with Silver Holders.....5 to 10
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2,000 Silver Fruit and Cake Baskets.....20 to 50

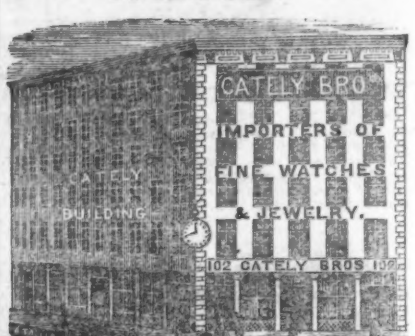
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100 Silver Revolving Patent Castors..... 15 to 40
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500 Sets Silver Tea and Table Spoons..... 15 to 30
100 Gold Hunting-case Watches..... 75 to 125
50 Diamond Rings..... 50 to 200
200 Gold Watches..... 60 to 100
300 Ladies' Gold Watches..... 50 to 65
500 Silver Watches..... 25 to 40
Diamond Pins, Gold Bracelets, Cors, Florentine Mosaic, Jet, Lava and Cameo Ladies' Sets, Gold Pens, with Gold and Silver Extension Holders, Sleeve Buttons, Sets of Studs, Neck Chains, Vest Chains, Silver and Chased Gold Rings, Gold Thumbless, Lockets, Silver Baskets and FINE JEWELLERY of every description, of the best make and latest styles, valued at

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Distribution is made in the following manner: CERTIFICATES, naming each Article and its value, are placed in SEALED ENVELOPES, which are well mixed. One of these Envelopes, containing the Certificate or order for some Article, worth at least One Dollar at retail, will be delivered at our office or sent by mail to any address, without regard to choice, on receipt of 25 cents. On receiving the Certificate the purchaser will see what Article it draws, and its value, which may be FROM ONE TO FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS, and can then send ONE DOLLAR and receive the Article named, or can choose any other one Article on our List of the same value.

NO NO BLANKS.—Every purchaser gets value. Parties dealing with us may depend on having prompt returns, and the article drawn will be immediately sent to any address by return mail or express. Entire satisfaction guaranteed in all cases. Six Certificates for \$1; thirteen for \$2.

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WATCHES, CHAINS, SETS OF JEWELLERY, GOLD
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PINS, SLEEVE BUTTONS, STUDS, ETC.,**Worth \$300,000!**To be sold for ONE DOLLAR each, without regard to
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our Circular containing full list and particulars, also
terms to Agents, which we want in every Regiment and
Town in the Country.J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,
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satisfied with the article, which will certainly be worth
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Times, New York City, Feb. 19, 1865.Messrs. Arrandale & Co. have long been personally
known to us, and we believe them to be every way
worthy of public confidence.—*New York Scottish Ameri-
can Journal*, June 11, 1864.We have inspected, at the office of Arrandale & Co.'s
Agency for European Manufacturing Jewellery, a large
assortment of fashionable and valuable jewellery of the
newest patterns. We also noticed a large quantity of
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York Advertiser, Sept. 5, 1864.By Messrs. Arrandale & Co.'s arrangement, the ad-
vantages must be on the side of the customer, for he
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New York Weekly News, Aug. 6, 1864.EMPLOYMENT FOR LADIES.—The most eligible and
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very successful in this way, not only filling her own
purses, but also in doing a good turn to those to whom
she sold the Certificates, as will be seen from our adver-
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New York Sunday Mercury, Aug. 14, 1864.In our columns the reader will find an advertisement
of Arrandale & Co.'s Gift Distribution of watches,
jewellery and silver-ware. In payment of that advertise-
ment we received several sets of the jewellery advertised,
and we are warranted in saying that, both in finish and
quality, they quite exceeded our expectations. They
turned out to be just what they had been represented.—
True Democrat (Lewistown), Aug. 17, 1864.The *British Whig of Kingston*, C. W., says, Nov. 26,
1864, one of our lady subscribers became an agent for
Arrandale & Co., and by request brought some 20
articles, sent as prizes for her agency, to this office for
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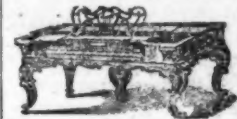
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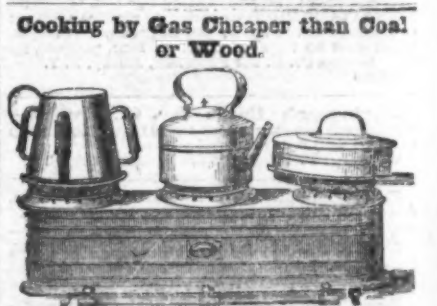
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